

1897



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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The Morning Watch.

1897.

VOL. X.

GREENOCK :
JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS,
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW & J. MENZIES & CO.

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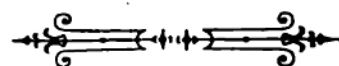
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January, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. I.



"But He knoweth the way
that I take."

AN ordinary milestone tells us not only the distance we have gone, but the distance also which we have to go. It marks a point in a common road that is the same for every passenger, a road fixed and known, that has been traversed a thousand times already.

But the milestone in the picture tells us only how far we have come. The road ahead is all unknown; is all dark; is all untrodden. But it has been made, all the same, for it is the King's highway, and it is paved with love. We have not

gone this way heretofore, but the Forerunner has, even Jesus Christ, our God, our Saviour, our Elder Brother. Therefore we will fear no evil.

Long ago, when the miners in Derbyshire began to sink a new shaft to try a new venture, as they struck the first blow with the pickaxe, they use to utter this solemn form of words:—"For the grace of God, and all that we here can find!" So God says to us, as we begin this year, "Seek and ye shall find." "The Lord will give grace and glory."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

The series of articles under this heading was begun in February, 1890, and was meant to extend over two, or at the most three, numbers. It was thought that one name for each year up to 100 would be enough. But as the subject seemed to interest the readers of the *Morning Watch*, and the material for it was more than abundant, it was thought better not to hurry over it. I hope it has not wearied many, but if it has, they will see that the list, which might literally, at some previous stages, have gone on for ever, must now soon come to an end. Comparatively few live to be seventy, still fewer to be eighty, but they who pass ninety are like the two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outmost fruitful branches, when the olive tree is shaken. Last October 2,347 persons died in the seven chief towns in Scotland. Of these, 903 were under five years of age; but only eight, seven women and one man, were over 90, and that was much beyond the average. Out of every 100,000 persons in our country who live to be ten years old, about 1,460 reach the age of 90; of these, 469 are spared to be 93; 274 to be 94; 135 to be 95; 49 to be 96; and then cometh the end—9 live to be 97, but, unless at long, long intervals, *none* live to be 98. Therefore, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

At the
age of
94

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL, the woman who had discovered eight comets in her time, continued to take an interest in the work of other astronomers, and was particularly pleased to hear of the safe return of Captain Ross from the South Polar Expedition after four years' absence, in which time he had penetrated further south than any previous navigator had ever done, and had, besides, discovered the true position of the South Magnetic Pole.

At the
age of
94

Yet her life was not altogether joyous. Sometimes, for long, no one came to see her, and she was like a dead man out of mind. At other times, she complains of the number of her visitors, and how they used up her short forenoons. "I had thirty callers on my birthday," she says, "and had no time to eat a morsel. It is too much to expect one of my age to be civil to upwards of thirty visitors in one day." Then she laments the uselessness of her life, and contrasts the happy hours she had spent in her middle age, sweeping the heavens with her telescope, with the dull nights of her last twenty years, when the roofs of the houses that surrounded her kept her from seeing the moon's eclipses and the comets' tails.

The Little Shop.

PEOPLE wondered how the Miss Montgomerys lived. They were girls just turned twenty, whose mother had recently died, after long illness. Their father had been killed in a shipbuilding yard when they were little children. Ann, the younger, was in poor health. She was clever with her needle, but there was no demand amongst those who knew her for the kind of work which she could do. Jean, the elder, would have made an ideal nurse, but nursing was not looked at then as it is now, and such nursing as she did outside her own home was done for poor neighbours. Yet somehow they were always earning a little, and what they got seemed to multiply so strangely, that the younger sister was tempted at times to imagine that there must be some angels who are coiners. "It wouldn't do for them," she said, "to make pound notes, because that would be making promises and leaving others to fulfil them; but if the silver and gold are God's, what is to hinder an angel from making a few shillings and sixpences now and again for other people? That would not be robbing anybody." Jean was

not quite sure that that was a right way to talk, but she knew it was done reverently, and certainly she agreed with Ann in this, that everything they got seemed to bring a blessing with it.

Some of the members of their congregation were talking about them one night, and about the love the sisters had to one another. Presently the talk took another turn. One of the company had spoken of them as the Miss Montgomerys. "You should say the Misses Montgomery," replied another. "But suppose the first way was correct," said a third, who was notorious for finding bones of contention for others to sharpen their wits on, "how would you spell it? Would you say Montgomerys, or Montgomery's, or Montgomeries?"

Strange to say, the sisters themselves were talking about their own name, too, that night. They had resolved, after much thought, to open a little shop, which had lain long untenanted, for the sale of fruit and vegetables. Of course, they must have a signboard. "And both our names must be on it," said Jean. "Yes," said Ann, who could be frivolous at times, "we must bed and board together as long

as we live." So they fixed it thus :

JEAN & ANN MONTGOMERY.

FRUIT and VEGETABLES.

They fell asleep and dreamed they saw a crowd blocking the street, and gazing up at the words that looked so pretty in blue and gold.

But, alas! the dream came to nothing. For the man who was consulted told them that such a sign could not be painted, even in the cheapest colours, for less than ten shillings. "You see," he added, "if you could have brought the board to my shop, I could have done it easily, but here I should need to bring a ladder and a boy, and it is the coming and going that take up the time, and it's the time that costs the money."

So the sisters agreed to do without a sign. After all, wouldn't people see that it was a fruit shop without being told? "That's ten shillings in our pocket at once to begin with," said Ann.

But on the day before they opened, when she saw how poor a show their stock made, she said, "I'm afraid, Jean, we'll have to put up 'Fruit and Vegetables' after all." Yes, poor creatures, it was no great display. Ann did her best, and never, I am certain, did so little look so much, or look so well. But, in spite of all, ay, even in spite of two looking-glasses—the lawfulness of using which slightly troubled both the sisters—which at the first glance doubled and quadrupled the contents, the window did look forlorn.

They got up early on the Wednesday, the day they had fixed for opening on, took down their shutters,

and after each sister had gone out and up and down the street, trying to look as if she were a stranger passing the window by chance, they took a scanty breakfast and then had worship, in which they commended themselves and their new venture to God, not without tears. Then they put a shilling and a sixpence and a threepenny piece, and six pennies and six half-pennies in the little bowl in their till, in case they should need change, and so waited for custom, and for what God might send.

They opened at seven, and at five minutes past were vexed by a loud burst of laughter at their door. It was only two men talking about something else, but the sisters thought it was aimed at them, and though many years have passed since then, they still flush at the remembrance of it.

At eight o'clock a child came in and asked what-o'clock it was? They were greatly pleased when the child said, "Thank you." It was the first word uttered by a stranger in their shop, and when Jean said, "You are a polite little boy," Ann added, "Give him an apple." The boy is now a headmaster, and often tells the story, and his pupils bid fair to be as gentlemanly as himself.

At ten o'clock a woman came in and asked for a penny lemon for a neighbour, a Mrs. Yellowlees, who was very ill. The sisters had no lemons, but suggested an orange. "It was a lemon she particularly wished." "But in case you can't get one, here's an orange for her, and we'll give it you for nothing,

and I hope she'll get better, poor body."

At 12.15 a big burly tramp, who had already made two shillings that day, came in to beg, but after looking round the shop with a look of contempt (which Jean remembers to this day), went out without a word.

At 1.5, when the school play hour came, two boys came in, while other two and a girl stood at the door, and asked for a pennyworth of sweeties. Jean asked if his mother told him to buy sweeties, or was the penny not for his "piece?" The boy said it was for his "piece." "Then," said Jean, "it would not be right, my mannie, for me to sell them to you. You must go to the baker's and buy what your mother gave you the penny for."

At 3.20 a woman came in and asked if they knew where a Mrs. Greenshields lived, "or a name like that."

"It can't be that Mrs. Yellowlees round the corner?" said Ann.

"That's the very name," answered the woman, "and I have been trying to find her out all afternoon, and I have come all the way from Dumfries. Her husband and my husband are second cousins. I'm greatly obliged to you."

At 4.50 a commercial traveller asked if they could oblige him with a penny stamp.

At 6.25 another man asked if they sold the evening newspapers.

At 6.45 a woman came in and sought change for half-a-crown.

At 7 some children gathered round the window, and began to play at a spelling game. "A." one

of them would cry, followed instantly by a shriek of "Apples!" and a hurry-scurry across the street and back. "O." "Oranges!" "C." "Cabbages!" "No." "Cauliflowers!" "Yes."

The sisters were greatly pleased at this. They had actually, without knowing it, started a shop, and a free school, and a place of public entertainment all in one. But soon came another trial.

"G. P.," shouted a boy. "Gooseberry Pie!" guessed another, who, even while he said it, had time to reflect with pain that he had eaten very few gooseberries that summer, and now it was too late. The gooseberry season was past.

What "G. P." was, even Ann could not make out, unless it was "Gas Pipe!" And Gas Pipe it was, for, as the boy explained to his companions, it was the only other thing in the window he could see.

At 7.40 the sisters put up their shutters and closed their shop to go to the prayer-meeting. They had rarely felt so much in need of going. On their way to it, they could not help noticing how full the windows of other shopkeepers were compared with theirs. They observed, too, though in silence, the different legends stuck indiscriminately here and there: "Try this;" "Best Value in Town;" "Can't be Beat."

They went blushing to their seat, thinking every one was looking at them. But at prayer meetings, as a rule, people are very kindly, and very willing to bear others' burdens, for they have all burdens of their own. They came away cheered by

the last Psalm. It was the 146th—

The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,

The orphan's help is He.

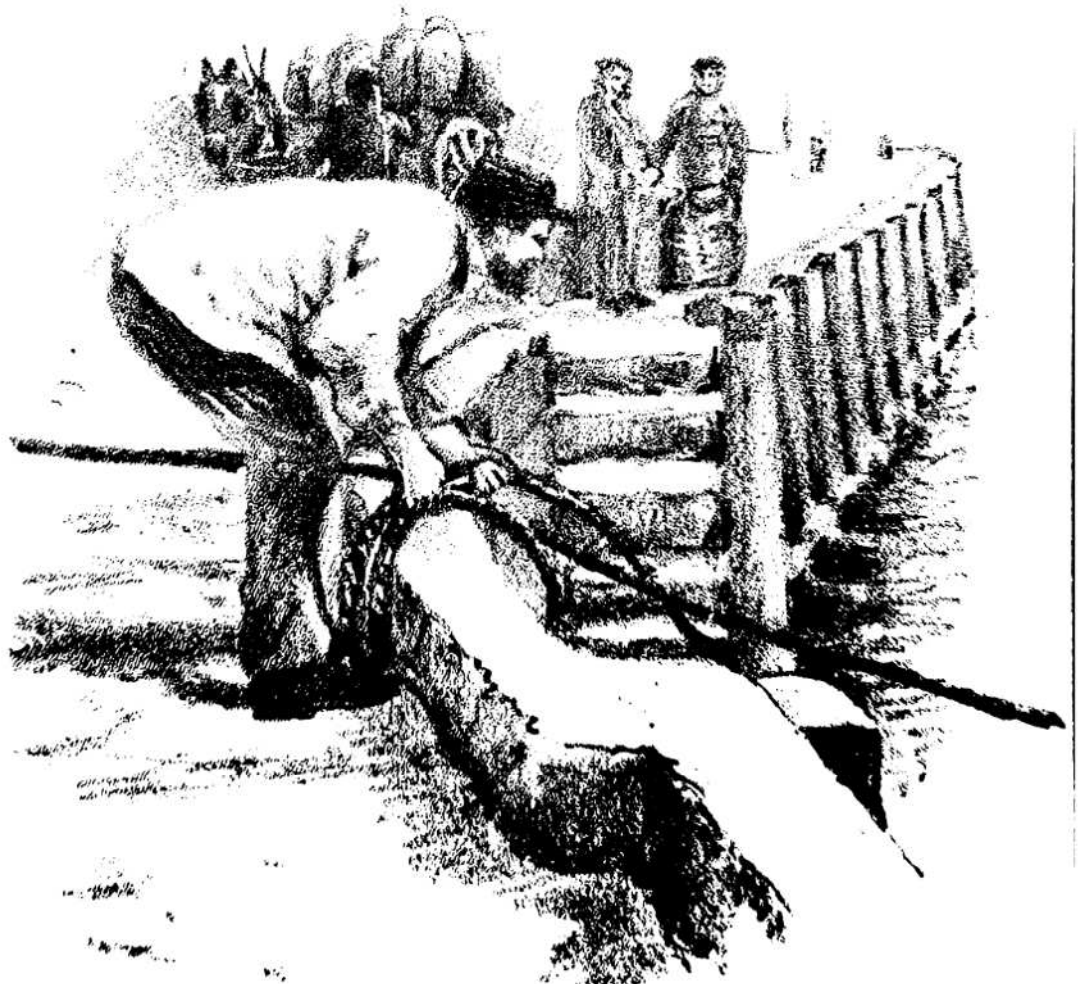
Then after worship, at which they both broke down at the singing, they lay down. Somehow they could talk more freely in the dark. They confessed that the day had been a little disappointing. Then they sang the Psalm that had comforted them right through. Next, they began to laugh. Ann was in a rollicking mood. Even Jean began to be humorous, and said they had forgotten to take stock, and "we didn't write up our books either."

As she fell asleep, the last words she heard were, "One Trial will Suffice;" "Can't be Beat."

But an hour after, she awoke her sister and said, "Ann, are you sure it was a half-crown that woman gave us? Was it not a two-shilling piece?" Then they had another laugh and another cry. But joy came in the morning, and ever since. They had given God the first fruits, and all the fruits, of their first day, and it looks as if from that day to this God has been saying, "It is My turn now, and I must pay you back."

"HONEST JOHN"

is the name they give a railway porter at a certain pier. The other porters take all the "tips" they can get, but John says, "The man who gives me sixpence or a shilling for carrying a little bag thirty yards is a fool"—and so far the other porters are at one with him—"but," he adds, "if I take it, I am worse; I am a rogue." So he takes a penny only, if the parcel is light; two



Mrs. Godolphin.



pence if it be very heavy ; but never more. But he likes best to help poor old women, for he finds that God pays for them.



MRS. GODOLPHIN, who died aged twenty-six, in 1678, was the daughter of Colonel Blagge, groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. Before she was seven years old, being sent to France, she sturdily refused to go to mass with a Countess whose guest she was. When she was eleven, she sat down at the Lord's Table. At sixteen she became one of the maids of honour to

Charles II.'s wife, and soon became known for her beauty, wit, and modesty, and her delightful gift of harmless mimicry. No girl ever stood in more perilous place, but she kept ever near to God, leaving the Queen's Drawing Room, or Withdrawing Room as it was then called, as early as possible every night. Her guardian, Evelyn, the Diarist—from whom the present Sir W. V. Harcourt is the sixth in direct descent—tells us that she had a pack-thread tied to her wrist, which was led through the key-hole of her room to the sentry's box out-

side, that the soldier on guard might rouse her early in the morning that she might spend an hour or two in secret prayer.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.—*Carried away to Sea.*

The *Woolloomooloo* left the Tail-of-the-Bank, Greenock, on the 3rd of June, 1860. She was a full-rigged ship of 630 tons. That would be counted small for a ship now-a-days. Isn't her name a curious one? There can't be many words in the English language with more vowels, and I question if there is another with as many o's. She was a very smart ship, what they called a clipper, and she sailed like a yacht. I don't remember her captain's name, but he was an elderly gentleman in somewhat poor health, and he was anxious that I as pilot should go with him as far as I possibly could—to the farthest point that I could get landed from. His wife was with him, and he carried a few cabin passengers.

There are some captains' wives really worth their room on board ship, and some, I am sorry to say, one would be better without, and that whether at sea or on the dry land. It must be a great trial to a good wife to be left at home. I was on board a ship at one time whose captain had bidden good-bye to his wife. She got on board again, however, at the anchorage where we were lying all night, in some mysterious way, nobody knew

how, and got hidden in one of the cabins, intending to stay in hiding till the pilot left. But she was found out, poor thing, and sent ashore again. It was her affection that had made her do it. You see, most owners don't like their captains to take their wives with them, and won't allow it, partly because they think it unfair to a woman to expose her to all the trials that a long voyage may bring, and partly because they think a captain has enough to do to attend to his ship. But I have seen—especially amongst Dutchmen, Norwegians, Danes, and the like—the captain's wife just like a mistress in her own house ashore, seeing that everything is well cooked and nicely laid out, and trying to make everyone comfortable. Personally I liked to see the captain's lady on board. They were always kinder to the pilot than anybody else! I have known them acting as nurses when any of the crew were ill, indeed, filling the place of a mother to all on board. I wouldn't go so far as to make it compulsory for a captain to take his wife, but I have known many things more absurd made compulsory. In times of danger, too, I have seen women with as much nerve and pluck and presence of mind as any sailor going. When a captain has been all night on deck—and he does not come off duty like the others at the end of the watch—who can take such care of him as his wife can? and many a time he needs it. Well, this captain's wife was on board; she had sailed with him for years.

When we got as far as Inistrahull, on the north of Ireland, the place

where I intended to land, the night was pitchy dark, and it came on to blow a gale of wind from the eastward. We had to double-reef the topsails, and square away—that is, to run before the wind, a fine wind for going to New Zealand, but a bad one for me. I sent word down to the captain that I would keep on deck as far as Tory Island. That would take us to breakfast-time next morning. He would have to take charge then, but he would get a good night's sleep. But when the breakfast hour came, it was blowing so hard that it was impossible for a boat to land. So I took breakfast, and after saying to the captain "I'm off to New Zealand with you," turned in and had a sleep. That day and next the gale continued, and we still kept running about twelve knots an hour before the wind, going along beautifully—for them that wanted to go. And indeed it really cheered me myself to be once more afloat on the blue water, with plenty of sea-room, and nothing to do but to keep a good look-out.

On the third day, about four in the afternoon, we sighted a Prussian brig. The wind had now moderated, but there was still a heavy sea running. The captain went close to the brig so that we could hail her and see where she was bound for. We found she was going to Belfast; and further, in answer to us, the Prussian said he would be quite delighted to take the pilot back, if the captain thought he could manage to put him on board. "Round to!" said our man, "and we'll try."

"Now, we must have volunteers for this job," said the captain, for the sea was still running heavily. The second mate was to have charge of the lifeboat. You see, they were as anxious to get quit of me as I was to get quit of them, for the voyage might have lasted a hundred and eighty days, and after that I should have to come home again, and the ship's owners, by law, would have to pay me ten shillings every day I was away.

"You go forward," I said to the mate, "and I'll go aft, and I'll give the signal for unhooking the boat from the davits. The moment the boat strikes the top of the wave, we'll both unhook at once." You see, if the one had done it and not the other, the lifeboat would have been swamped. The boat, of course, was lowered with us all in it. The mate was a smart sailor, and it was a pleasure to have him with us.

We got away nicely, clear of the ship's quarters, but just as we were getting round her stern we shipped a lump of a sea which half-filled the boat. I was steering. "This is a glorious job for me," said the mate, "I'll bail the water out." We had taken the precaution of having a bucket with us in addition to the ordinary bailing dish. So we pulled away, and getting to the brig stood by for a jump. I made a spring and got hold of the rigging. At the same instant, my bag was chucked on board and caught by one of the Prussians. My best friend, my oil-skin coat, followed. I then suggested to the captain to tow the

lifeboat back to the Woolloomooloo's quarters. I took the wheel myself, and the captain trimmed the sails in his own language. We towed the boat up close under the lee quarter of the ship. The sea was so heavy that I cannot describe the anxiety I felt for the next five minutes. I would rather have gone to New Zealand many times over. Had any of these poor fellows been drowned, I never would have forgiven myself. When the boat was hooked up and the men safely landed on deck, all hands on board the Woolloomooloo were mustered, and they gave us three cheers, which, of course, as the manner of sailors is, we returned, and returned with interest.

We then shaped our course for the North Channel again. We were between 600 and 700 knots from Tory. When I looked round me, "Captain," I said, "what has become of your galley?" that is, the cooking-place.

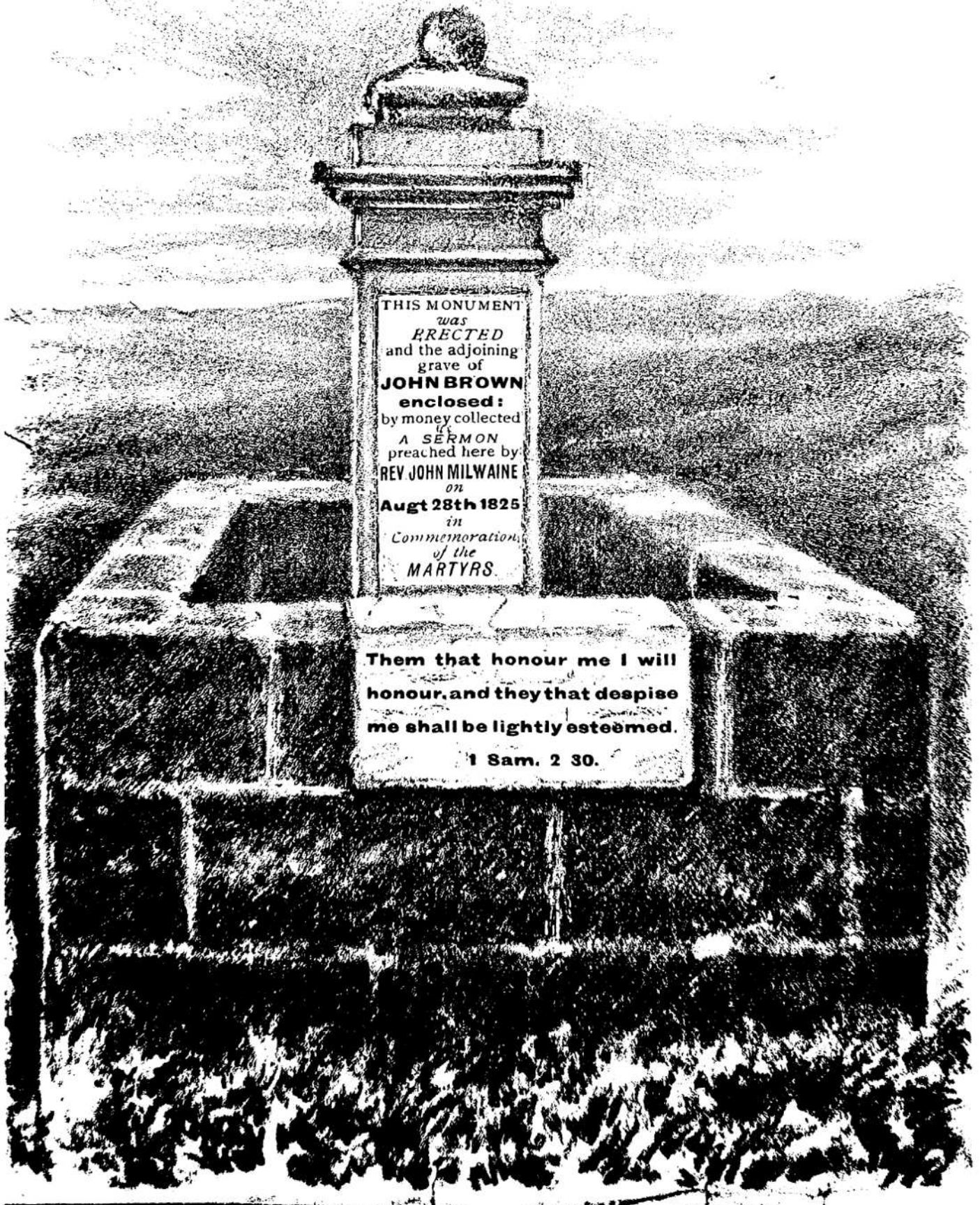
"It was vashed overboard last night, pots and all."

They had a substitute, however—an old iron oil-can, which looked like a plumber's brazier. But it did very well for cooking tea or coffee in. We had nothing else hot till we got to Belfast. Next I got my clothes wrung, which was a great improvement, and then I found that they needed to pump the brig out pretty often—a capital job for keeping one warm. It wasn't long till I had a hold of the pump-brake and was making myself useful. In due course we got inside Rathlin Sound and past "The Maidens" Light and into Belfast Lough.

When we got to Belfast, the captain sent his steward to the steamboat office for a first-class ticket for me, a kindness which I did not expect, for one could see that the poor fellow had not much to spare. But he was very thankful that he had come across me, for, truth to tell, he had been getting a little anxious about his boat, and how he was to get into Belfast Lough, for neither he nor any of his crew had ever been there before. One could see that, even if he could have got a pilot, he hadn't the money to pay for one. Both he and I thought it was a kind Providence that had put me in his way.

THE grave and monument of John Brown, of Priesthill, the famous Covenanter, are on a moor four miles from Muirkirk in Ayrshire. The gravestone itself is not seen in the picture. The dyke was built round it to protect it from cattle.

When Alexander Peden married him to his wife, Marion Weir, he said to her, "Keep linen past you for his winding-sheet." Only a few years had passed, when, early on May day, 1685, he was surprised while cutting peats by Claverhouse and his dragoons. He was given a few moments to pray, and then shot dead by Claverhouse's own hand. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" he said to his wife as she stood by with one of her children in her arms. "I thought ever much good of him," she answered, "and as much now as ever."



1	F	UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD,
2	S	And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father ; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.— <i>Rev. 1, 5.</i>
3	S	Thou hast made my days as handbreadths.— <i>Ps. 39, 5 (R. V.).</i>
4	M	Are not my days few?— <i>Job 10, 20.</i>
5	TU	It is appointed unto men once to die,
6	W	But after this the judgment.— <i>Heb. 9, 27.</i>
7	TH	Paul answered, I am ready to die.— <i>Acts 21, 13.</i> “Look,” says Dr. Chalmers in one of his sermons, “look at the big alternative eternity presents. Are you in a fit state to die in half-an-hour?”
8	F	Be ye also ready.— <i>Luke 12, 40.</i>
9	S	Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.— <i>Mark 13, 36.</i> Thomas Ken, who wrote the evening hymn which contains the doxology, “Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,” and also the lines, Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as little as my bed, used to carry his shroud in his travelling-bag ; “it might be as soon wanted as any other of his habiliments.”
10	S	The heirs of the promise.— <i>Heb. 6, 17 (R. V.).</i>
11	M	The immutability of His counsel.
12	TU	It is impossible for God to lie. When Mr. Judson, the American “Apostle to Burmah,” was asked if the prospects of missions were bright, he replied “As bright, Sir, as the promises of God.”
13	W	He remembered His holy word.— <i>Ps. 105, 42 (R. V.).</i>
14	TH	I will not forget Thy word.— <i>Ps. 119, 16.</i>
15	F	I trust in Thy word.— <i>v. 42.</i> The mother of Dr. John Brown, the author of <i>Rab and His Friends</i> , became very deaf in her last illness, and being too weak to hold up her Bible, she got her son to write out a few of her favourite promises. She called them her comforts. She died with the list in her bosom, clasped in her hand.
16	S	The sum of Thy word is truth.— <i>v. 160 (R. V.).</i>
17	S	I the Lord thy God am a jealous God.— <i>Ex. 20, 5.</i>
18	M	Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.— <i>Matt. 22, 37.</i>
19	TU	Their heart was not right with God.— <i>Ps. 78, 37.</i>
20	W	No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.— <i>John 14, 6.</i>
21	TH	He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.— <i>Matt. 10.</i>
22	F	They saw no man save Jesus only.— <i>Matt. 17, 8.</i>
23	S	Neither is there salvation in any other.— <i>Acts 4, 12.</i>
24	S	Our iniquities testify against us.— <i>Jer. 14, 7.</i>
25	M	He was bruised for our iniquities — <i>Is. 53, 5.</i>
26	TU	Bless the Lord Who forgiveth all thine iniquities.— <i>Ps. 103, 3.</i>
27	W	Break off thine iniquities.— <i>Dan. 4, 27.</i>
28	TH	Sin no more.— <i>John 5, 14.</i>
29	F	Watch and pray.— <i>Matt. 26, 41.</i>
30	S	Fight.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 12.</i> “Spare no arrows,” said John Knox.
31	S	Dead unto sin, but alive unto God.— <i>Rom. 6, 11.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 2.



These are two Boys whose Mothers would not allow them to go to Church yesterday, or to School to-day, because there was snow on the ground, and they had bad colds.

The Morning Watch for 1896, being Vol. IX., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

The Volumes for 1888, '89, '90, '92, and '95, may still be had.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

Adam Brown.

IN the *Morning Watch* for June last year, there was a story about a Mr. Adam Brown, an apprentice sailor, whose ship, the *Firth of Solway*, had been run down off the Irish coast six weeks before. He had had a brother, a teacher, who was drowned on the 12th February, 1890, while trying to save one of his pupils, Eliza Wilkie, twelve years of age, who had fallen through the ice on Carron Dam, near Falkirk. When his body was found, the little girl's arms were round his neck.

It was two o'clock on a Sabbath morning when the *Firth of Solway* was run down. Adam Brown, who was on deck at the time, was sucked down by the rushing water, but found himself in a little at the surface again, just as he was beginning to be unconscious. At that moment his hand was gripped by the first mate of the ship, and he was hauled on to the top of one of the boats which was floating bottom up. The mate was a Mr. Thomas Wilkie, the brother of Eliza Wilkie! It was such a strange providence that many who heard the tale thought that God had some great destiny in store for Adam Brown. He was a good lad, and often marvelled in his heart at God's dealings with him.

After spending a short time at

home, he set sail once more in the barque *Firth of Stronsa*, for New South Wales — Mr. Wilkie being again his first officer. But he had been only ten days at sea when he began to feel unwell. His trouble, which developed into abscess of the lungs, was much aggravated by the unusually stormy weather they met with. For almost two months his bed was hardly ever dry. More than once the crew had almost given up hope of their lives. On his arrival at Sydney, he wrote home to his people about the voyage, telling them of the death and burial at sea of the ship's cook, but, out of consideration for his mother, saying nothing about his own illness. His next, and last letter, was a scrawl in lead pencil, saying he was ill and in an hospital; but he was very comfortable, and his people were not to put themselves about.

On the day on which the *Firth of Stronsa* was to leave Sydney, the 18th of November, Mr. Wilkie and a brother apprentice in the ship, from his own town of Dumbarton, came to bid him good-bye. They found him unconscious, and even as they were standing round his bed, he gave one gasp and passed away. This time he came out of the waters, we humbly trust and believe, on the side nearest the *Celestial City*, and the Hand that drew him out of the great depths was that of the Nearest of all kinsmen, His great Captain and Redeemer, Christ.

The waters, Lord, perceived Thee,
The waters saw Thee well;
And they for fear aside did flee;
The depths on trembling fell.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 3.)

At the
age of
94

THE COUNTESS OF CORK, the lively Miss Monckton of whom Boswell writes, died in 1840. She was a daughter of a Lord Galway, and lived to see five others succeed him in the title. She was something of a wit, and strove to make her mother's house the meeting-place of men of genius and talent. On one occasion Dr. Johnson and she disputed about a certain writer's books, the Doctor denying that they were pathetic. "They affect me," said Miss Monckton. "That is because, dearest, you're a dunce!" replied the Doctor, smiling and rolling about as was his wont. When she sometime afterwards reminded him of this, he said, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it." In her old age she became very infirm and diminutive, but was as fond as ever of lion-hunting—that is, of getting famous people to her parties. It is said that she suffered from kleptomania, which is what stealing is called when it becomes a disease and attacks rich people. When she dined out of her own house, it was usual to leave a pewter spoon or a fork for her to carry off in her muff. When she was over eighty she once recited half a book of Pope's Iliad to a friend while waiting for her carriage. Until within a few days of her death she rose at six in the morning. A year before she died her niece wrote under her picture these lines :

"Look at me,
I'm ninety-three,
And all my faculties I keep;
Eat, drink, and laugh, and soundly sleep."

I hope we shall all have something far, far better than that said of us if God spare us to be old.

94 LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, the "third great Canning," died, 14th August, 1880. He was made an ambassador in 1814, when he was only twenty-eight. In 1842 he went to Constantinople, and for seventeen years represented Britain there. He was a man of such commanding presence and imperious will that men felt, to use Mr. Kinglake's words, "that if our country was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy as he to fix its destiny. Every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey, therefore, the idea of duration." He was one of those men who call themselves statesmen, who fondly believe themselves, and are believed by others, to be the forces that rule the world, while they are only potsherds in the hand of God. It is praying men and women, and only they, who "Move the Hand that moves the universe." The history of the last forty-three years, and especially of the last twelve months, has proved that the "voice of England in the East," as Tennyson calls Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was, after all, in the words applied by God to the King of Egypt, "but a noise."

At the
age of
94

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia and he, from whose personal hatred to one another the Crimean war, in some measure, with all its disastrous consequences, took its rise, were, in Isaiah's words, "two tails of smoking firebrands," charred ends of wood that kindled a fire and were then thrust aside.

Sir Thomas Hardy, K.C.B.



CAPTAIN HARDY was the man to whom Lord Nelson was speaking when he was struck by a musket ball, fired by a Frenchman from the rigging of the

Redoubtable, in the battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1806. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said Nelson as he fell on deck, on the very spot where his secretary had

been killed a short time before. "I hope not, Sir." "Yes, my backbone is shot through."

And when he lay dying down below, he cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; surely he must be destroyed." And amongst his last words were, "Kiss me, Hardy."

I wish to tell you about a strange thing that happened to him a hundred years ago this month. Hardy was then a lieutenant. He had joined the navy in 1781, when he was twelve years old, and after many adventures, had greatly distinguished himself by his brave defence of a ship, which Nelson had captured from the Spaniards, and entrusted to his care. He was attacked by a squadron of the enemy, and though he was compelled to surrender, did so only after the ship had lost all her masts and had become unmanageable. He was taken prisoner, but a few days after was released in exchange for a Spanish officer. He rejoined Nelson on board the *Minerve* at Gibraltar, in February, 1797. The *Minerve* had no sooner set sail than she was pursued by two Spanish line-of-battle ships. The foremost of these speedily gained on the frigate, and Nelson prepared for action. "Before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting," he said, as he looked up at his flag, "I will have a struggle with them, and sooner than give up the frigate, I'll run her ashore." Nelson and his officers then sat down to dinner, but just as a Colonel Drinkwater, who happened to be on board, was con-

gratulating Hardy on being no longer a prisoner, there was a cry, "Man overboard!" The officers of the ship ran on deck; the Colonel, who tells the story, ran to the stern windows to see if anything could be observed of the poor man. The jollyboat, with Hardy and a party of sailors in it, was already being lowered into the water. A few seconds only had passed when the jollyboat was carried by the current, which runs strongly to the eastward through the Straits, far astern of the frigate, and away in the direction of the Spanish men-of-war. Of course, the first object was, if possible, to recover the fallen man, but he was never seen again. Hardy made a signal to the effect that the man must be given up as lost. Hardy's own safety was now the question that was uppermost. He and his men were in a perilous position, and their danger was increasing every moment. They were pulling with might and main to get back to their ship, but the current was too strong for them. At this crisis, Nelson, casting an anxious look at their situation, cried out, "I'll not lose Hardy. Back the mizen topsail." No sooner said than done. The frigate's progress was instantly retarded, and the current began to carry her back towards the jollyboat. Hardy and his men, filled with new hope, redoubled their efforts. But the Spanish captain, puzzled at the unexpectedness of the manœuvre, and not knowing the cause of it, concluded that Nelson must have seen some British ships coming to

Melanchthon.



Philipus Melancthon cal. Aprilis. 1539

his help, and fearing some trap, shortened sail, and was soon lost to sight. Hardy and his men were then picked up, and four days afterwards had a share with their captain in the great victory off Cape St. Vincent. A few months afterwards, by a brilliant piece of daring, he captured a French brig in the bay of Santa Cruz, and as captain of her was one of the "band of brothers" who helped Nelson to win the battle of the Nile.

How strangely diverse are the works of God. Captain Hardy, the lost sailor, the apprentice Adam Brown—of whom I have spoken on page 14—three men, all sleeping, so to speak, in one bed; and one is taken, and another is left, and the third left only to be taken a little later.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON was born at Bretten, in the duchy of Baden, on the 16th Feb., 1497, four hundred years ago this month. His mother's name was Barbara Reuter. She was a very godly woman. His father, an armourer or artillery commissary, was named Schwarzerd, which means "black earth," but according to the custom of the age the name was translated into Greek, Melanchthon, or Melanthon, as the Reformer latterly used to spell it.

Melanchthon deserves to be remembered, first of all, as a great scholar. His appointment as Professor of Greek in Wittenberg University marked an epoch in German education. The fame of his scholarship spread over Europe.

He began by lecturing on Homer and the Epistle to Titus, seeking like Solomon, to use his own words, "the brass and gems of Tyre for the adornment of God's temple."

As a Reformer he was the true yoke-fellow and help-meet of Luther, whose fiery temper and passionate energy he did much to sweeten and control. He helped Luther in his translation of the Bible. But his chief service to Protestantism was the Augsburg Confession—the Creed of the Lutheran Church—which he drew up at the request of the Elector of Saxony, who was the head of the Protestant Party, for the German Diet or Convention of notables summoned by the Emperor Charles V. in 1530. The Emperor wished it to be read in Latin. "No," said the Elector, "we are here on German ground." It was read accordingly on the afternoon of June 25, in German, and so slowly and distinctly that the great concourse of people who had gathered heard every word. The Romanists themselves were deeply impressed by it.

But his greatest claim to our affection is his holy life. He was a good man. On the morning of the day on which he died, 19th April, 1560, he was greatly comforted by the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" That was a text that had formed at times the subject of his very dreams. Other passages that cheered him that day were the 24th, 25th, and 26th Psalms, the 53rd of Isaiah, and the 5th of Romans. But most of all did he delight in the verse, John 1, 12,

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." A little before he died, his son-in-law, Peucer, asked him if there was anything he wanted. "ALIUD NIHIL—NISI CÆLUM," was his reply, Nothing else but Heaven.

He was buried in the Schlosskirche, Wittenberg, beside Luther.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 2.—*Dropping the Pilot.*

YOU know that sailors are more afraid of the land than of the sea. When the passengers are singing and dancing because they expect to see land in the morning, that's the night the Captain is most anxious. So with pilots. The water is his element; how to get ashore is often his biggest difficulty and his greatest danger. I remember beating down channel in a Liverpool barque about twenty years ago, intending to go as far as Rathlin Island or the Mull of Cantyre, whichever I could land handiest at. When we were abreast of Sanda Island to the west of Campbeltown, the wind all of a sudden chopped round to the east. If I did not land at the Mull, there was nothing for me but to be carried away to sea. The easterly wind was blowing off from the Mull, but the roll of the sea was still very heavy in towards the rocks. "Now, Pilot," said the Captain, "what do you say to landing on the Mull?"

"Quite delighted," I said, "but what kind of boat's crew have you got?" for I saw it would be a nasty job. "I quite agree with you," replied the Captain, "we'll need volunteers." In a little conversation I had with the men, I found out that a number of them were fishermen. They make the very best seamen in all matters of boat work. "Now, boys, how many can I get to volunteer to land me north of the lighthouse?" "Pilot," they said, "we'll all volunteer if you require us." So I told the second officer, who was to take charge of the boat, that we must back her in on the top of a sea, and when I jumped on the rocks, they were to stand by to pull ahead as fast as they could, so that the keel of the boat might not touch the stones; for if it did, the next sea would fill her, and it would be a bad job crawling up the rocks out of the water.

We stood close in under the lighthouse, backed the maintop-sail, hove the barque to close by the lighthouse, with her head to the nor'ward, and then lowered the boat and got into her, with my pocket full of letters to the owners and the sailors' friends. Did they stamp their letters? Well, some did, and some didn't. I think I may say I have spent scores of pounds out of my own pocket putting stamps on letters, specially in the case of ships that carried passengers. You see, the sailors are so accustomed to sending letters that way that they lay by stamps, but passengers don't think of it. The letters were put in a bag, and

some put a penny in and some didn't, so there was nothing for it but to put stamps on them all. Many a time I have done that, and would gladly do it again, and so would every pilot. Who would refuse to be a messenger of glad tidings to anybody? You know what the Book says about good news from a far country. Yes, it is a solemn sight seeing people writing their last letter home in all conceivable postures and situations. If passengers were wise they would have envelopes addressed and paper ready, so that they could write, say with a pencil, to the last moment.

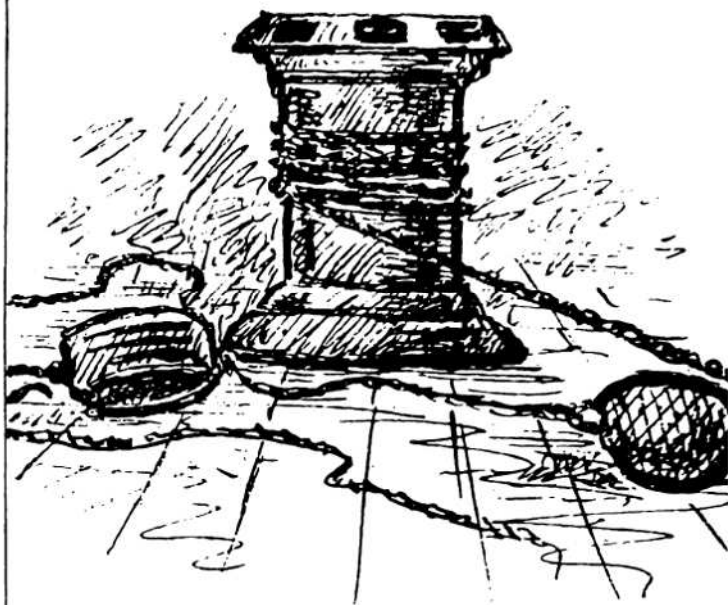
I put on my oilskin coat and bade the Captain good-bye. I could see him taking up his binocular glasses as we put off. The surf was heavier than we expected; it looked much worse from the small boat than it did from the ship. "I'm afraid we sha'n't manage it, Pilot," the officer said when we got close in shore; "We mustn't show the white feather," I said, "we must give it a trial first. I'll stand in the stern-sheets. We'll back astern in towards the shore on the top of a sea, and be all ready to pull ahead when I give the word. We'll likely have to try two or three times before we succeed. But when I say, 'Pull ahead,' put the weight of your shoulders into your oars, and there's no fear." The first time we weren't close enough in for me to jump, but the sea receding from the shore brought her off easier than I expected. "Now, boys, we'll manage it next time. Stand by to back away when I tell you. If I can

jump on that rock we're all right." The next time we got on the top of an extra big sea. "Now, boys, here goes!" I made a jump for the rock, and succeeded in holding on to the top of it. As soon as I jumped, "Pull away, boys!" and the boat was clear. When I was on the shore, to climb up the face of the rocks was no easy matter. When I got clear of the water, I sat down till I could see the boat hauled up and the men all aboard. That was easily and quickly done, as the ship was only a short distance from the shore. After I got half-way up the loose tumbling rocks, I found it more difficult work than I expected. In fact, one time I thought I should have to leave my bones on the rocks. I looked round me, the rocks were almost perpendicular, and I found I should have to go back and try in another direction. Which I did, and succeeded, though with a pretty sore ado. I got safe up to the top of the cliffs just as it was beginning to get dark—a December night, with a snowstorm beginning to come on. Had there been as much daylight as would have allowed me to make for the lighthouse, I would have gone for it, but I could see that that was too dangerous an undertaking in a bad light. What was I to do? How did Campbeltown bear? I always carried a pocket compass with me then, so I struck a light, and got the bearings of the wind. I knew that Campbeltown bore about east from where I had landed. I also knew it was a very mountainous nasty place I was in, and that the best thing I could do was

to find a hedge or dyke leading in that direction, and to follow it as far as I could. But it was a sore night of it that I had. The snow came on in great gusts, and every now and again I had to get into some kind of shelter, but I was afraid of falling asleep. I kept going on when I could and as I could, and latterly I got into a ploughed field, and had a good many tumbles. Few men could have been more disreputable looking than I was when I got close to Campbeltown as daylight was breaking, and it the Sabbath morning too! I don't think anybody in the world would have taken me for a deep-sea pilot! Indeed, my trousers were in such a state with mud that I had to take them off and rumble them in a burn; then I wrung them out and put them on. But, just as I was washing them, I remember some one opened a farm house door not far off, and seeing me cried out, and ran in and shut the door. And no wonder. When I got into the town I made my way to an old shipmate's, who kept a hotel. I reached his place a little before eight. When I told him how I had come, he said, "Be thankful you haven't broken your neck."


So I rested that Sabbath day at Campbeltown—I hope according to the Commandment—and returned to Greenock on the Monday, myself and the sailors' letters all safe. So you see that sailors have other kinds of dangers to face than most people commonly think of, and when you tell your people to pray for them on Sabbath days in the church, and every day at home at family worship,

remind them to pray for the sailors that are on the dry land, as well as for those that are on the deep sea.



Owe no man anything, save to love one another.—Rom. 13, 8 (R. V.)

WHEN the late Earl of Selborne, Lord Chancellor of England, was a boy, his brother William, one holidaytime, brought home some cases of stuffed birds as presents for his sisters. His father asked him if he had had enough money to pay for them. The boy stammered out that he meant to pay for them when he went back to school, as no doubt he should be getting some tips before he left home, and the man was willing to wait. His father told him he was never to order anything he could not pay for on the spot, and sent him back at once to Rugby—a three days' journey there and back—in the gig, to return the stuffed birds to the dealer; and with a letter to the Headmaster, asking him to tell the tradesmen not to supply his sons with anything unless they paid ready money. It was a lesson which the boys never forgot.



*A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude.
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread ;
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough.
The snow has capped yon distant hill,*

*At morn the running brook was
still,
And now the frozen sods do mock
The ploughshare, changed to stub-
born rock.
The brawling streams shall soon
be dumb ;
Sing, little bird ! the frosts
have come.
The air grows chill, the setting
sun
May leave thee ere thy song is
done ;*

*The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee untold ;
The lingering sunset still is bright :
Sing, little bird ! 'twill soon be night.*

—O. W. Holmes.

1	M	Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants of Meroz ;
2	TU	Because they came not to the help of the Lord.— <i>Judges 5, 23.</i>
3	W	Be quiet ; fear not, neither be fainthearted.— <i>Isaiah 7, 4.</i>
4	TH	Jonathan strengthened David's hand in God.— <i>1 Sam. 23, 16.</i> Several officers who went home during the Crimean war owing to the hardships they had to undergo were forced to return, as their lady friends in London refused to speak to them.
5	F	The slothful man saith, There is a lion without.— <i>Prov. 23, 13.</i>
6	S	Benaiah slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow.— <i>2 Sam. 23, 20.</i>
7	S	They overcame the devil by the blood of the Lamb ;
8	M	And they loved not their lives unto the death.— <i>Rev. 12, 11.</i>
9	TU	He that taketh not his cross, is not worthy of Me.— <i>Matt. 10, 38.</i>
10	W	If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself.— <i>Matt. 16, 24.</i>
11	TH	Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier.— <i>2nd Tim. 2, 3.</i> "2nd Dec., 1854. I have looked in a looking-glass to-day for the first time since landing in the Crimea on the 14th September. My beard is getting grizzled, my face brown and healthy, and my body thin."— <i>Letters of Lt.-Col. Anthony Sterling, C.B.</i>
12	F	No soldier on service entangleth himself.— <i>v. 4, R.V.</i> "At headquarters we have at least half-a-dozen totally useless princes, not to speak of the Duke of Coburg, who has five carriages and seventeen horses, and complains that he has nothing to eat. . . . I myself feel the benefit of having a small kit. My baggage consists of my saddle-bags and wallets, a waterproof blanket, my valise and cloak, a stout heart and a sharp appetite, and so I consider myself well equipped."— <i>Col. Walker's Diary of the War of 1870.</i>
13	S	Let us lay aside every weight.— <i>Heb. 12, 1.</i>
14	S	Let not your heart be troubled.— <i>John 14, 1.</i> "Dear Catherine," said Luther, when he was dying, "thou shouldst read John."
15	M	I go to prepare a place for you.— <i>v. 2.</i>
16	TU	I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.— <i>v. 3.</i>
17	W	He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father.— <i>v. 9.</i>
18	TH	If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.— <i>v. 14.</i>
19	F	I will not leave you comfortless.— <i>v. 18.</i>
20	S	Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.— <i>v. 27.</i> "A short time before my mother died, my father put her Testament into her hands, and it fell open—as it always does—at the Fourteenth of John."— <i>Mr. J. M. Barrie.</i>
21	S	Remember the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem come into your mind.— <i>Jer. 51, 50.</i>
22	M	They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.— <i>Jer. 50, 5.</i>
23	TU	Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.— <i>2 Sam. 14, 14.</i>
24	W	The gates of it shall not be shut at all.— <i>Rev. 21, 25.</i>
25	TH	When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him.— <i>Luke 15, 20.</i>
26	F	Bring My sons from far, My daughters from the ends of the earth.— <i>Isa. 43, 6.</i>
27	S	They shall come from the east, and the west, and from the north, and the south,
28	S	And shall sit down in the Kingdom of God.— <i>Luke 13, 29.</i>

March, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

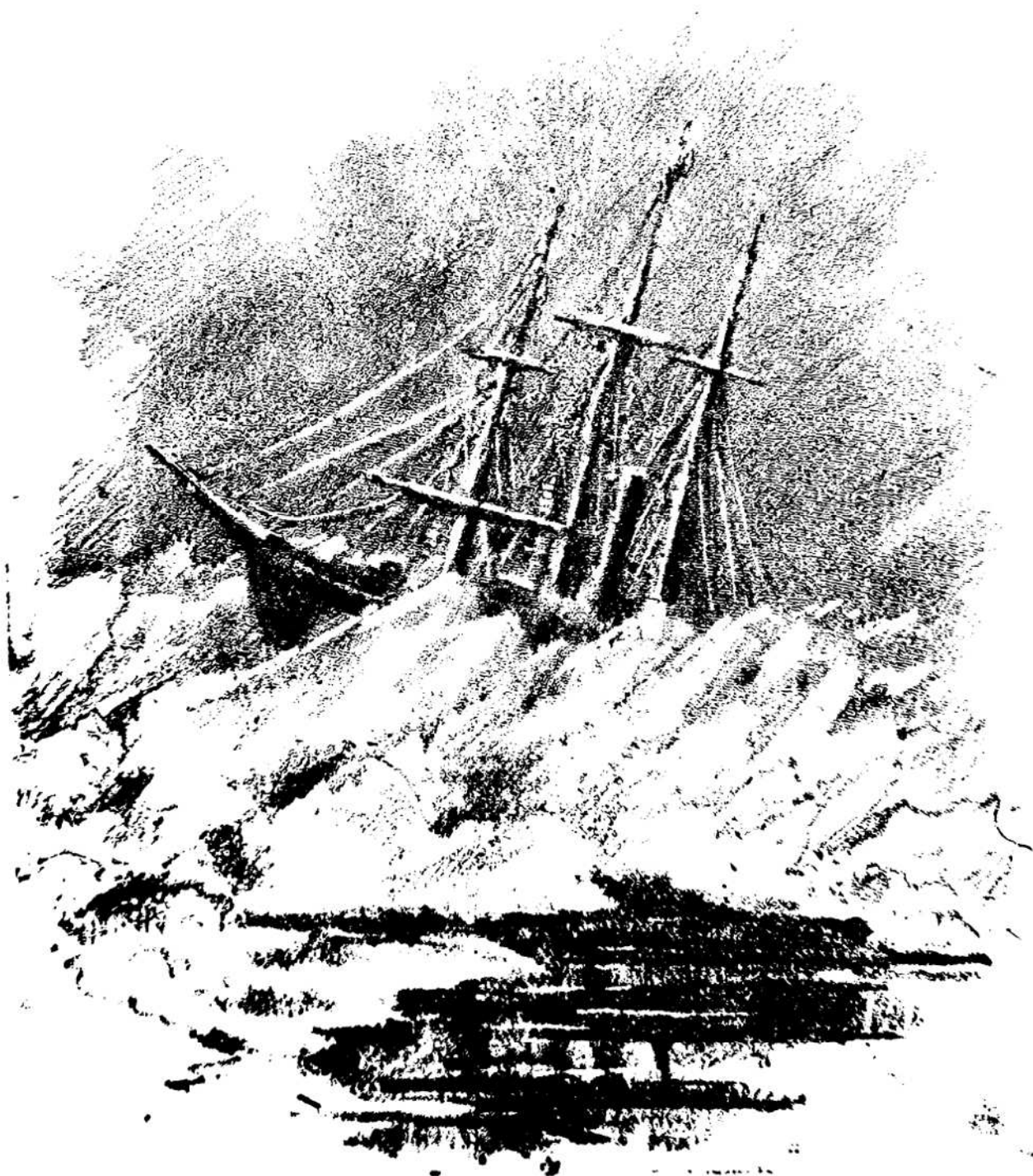
The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 3.

The Fram.



The Northern Lights.

MOST of us have seen at night the strange light in the north which we call the Aurora Borealis, and have been filled with wonder and awe as we watched it quivering, slowly spreading, instantly disappearing, or again darting rays like lightning, while the heavens flushed now here, now there, as if some one were signalling, not to us, but to some other, "from the back of beyond."

Dr. Nansen in his book, "Farthest North," has given some beautiful drawings of this strange phenomenon as witnessed by him and his brave comrades. Artists, who have seen his original sketches in London, speak very highly of them, specially of the way in which he has represented the heliotrope and opalescent tints. His word descriptions of what he saw are not less striking and vivid. So curious were the sights, he says, that it often seemed to him as if he had left this globe and gone to some other world. "Yellow, green, ruby red, the lights flashed in matchless beauty. It looked as if a fiery serpent were writhing itself all over the sky; then presently it would split into three: surely the heavens are about to fall!"

These wonderful appearances, men of science say, are electric discharges connected with magnetic

disturbance. Do we not well to look on them also as proofs of God's power and love? In the Polar regions there is no sun, no day, for several months, and God has, therefore, made night more beautiful, giving more abundant honour to that part which lacked. But if there are no men to see these lights, why does He put them there? Is it not partly because He Himself is there? and partly because He is waiting there for men to come to Him? He lights His lamp and opens His window, as a loving mother does who is wearying for her boy and watching, "while he is yet a great way off." Does He not also show us how much light and glory and power He has, and to spare? We restrain Him, by our sin and want of faith, from working. He has all power in heaven and in earth, He wishes to use it all for us, but we will not let Him. We have banished from our midst and made to dwell far off the King of Glory, Who rejoices in the habitable parts of the earth, Whose delights have been from everlasting with the sons of men. Our Beloved, Whose wish it was to spread His skirts over us, has withdrawn Himself and is gone. And yet He has left the hem of His garment within our reach, and if we but touch it He will come back to us.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 16.)

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FONTENELLE, a French writer who died in 1757, aged ninety-nine years and eleven months, said the happiest years were those between fifty-

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- 95 five and seventy-five. But that old man said better, who, when one said to him, "Your best days are all past," replied, "No ; my best days are all to come." The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
- 95 LADY RUTHVEN, in 1877, used to pray "that she might not be rebellious." She knew fifty chapters of the Bible off by heart, and used often to say them. It was she who, when she was ninety-one, was described by the Marchioness of Waterford as "blind and deaf and quite charming."
- 95 THE REV. PATRICK MACDONALD died in 1824. He was minister of Kilmore in Argyllshire and had some fame as a musician. He made one awful mistake in his life ; he married a Roman Catholic wife, who, quite consistently, never attended either public or family worship with him. They had nine sons and four daughters, yet their parents never joined together in prayer for them, but rather, I suppose, prayed against each other, if they prayed at all—a fearful instance of what it is for a husband and wife to be "unequally yoked," and so have their "prayers hindered."
- 95 THE LADY HARDWICKE, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, died in 1858. She was a sister of the Lady Anne Barnard who wrote "Auld Robin Gray"—so named after one of her father's herds—and it was she who suggested one of the lines of the ballad. "I have been writing a ballad, my dear," said Lady Barnard in 1771, when only twenty-one ; "I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover ; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines. Help me to one." "Steal the cow ! sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth, and so "the cow was stoun away."
- Lady Hardwicke, in spite of the light heart with which she could take away other people's cattle, was very much afraid of robbers herself. It was in the days when the highways of Britain, like those of Israel in the days of Jael, were not safe for travellers. She was crossing a wide heathery common in her carriage, when a man rode up. "Oh, take my money, but save my life !" she screamed, as she threw her purse at him. "My good woman, I don't want your purse," said the man, who, if not an angel unawares, was at least as harmless a traveller as herself. In her old age people used to be astonished when they saw her daughter, Lady Mexborough, running up stairs when she was seventy-six years old and calling out "Mamma !" The year after her death another of her daughters, Lady Caledon, being in poor health, was told by her doctor that at her age she could hardly expect ever to be much better. "At my age !" was the answer ; "why, my mother only died last year."
- Towards the close of her life, I am sorry to say her maid, Maydwell, did a very foolish thing. One of her great-grand-children, who had been brought to see her, exclaimed, "Oh, how awfully old she looks !" and no other little child was allowed to see her afterwards. But there was one pretty thing she did for all her grand-

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children one day. They told her that they would each like to have an oak-tree planted by her. So a row of pots was placed in a window-sill, and her chair being wheeled up to it, she dropped an acorn into each of them. Those of you who, like Timothy, have a godly grandmother, or, like Ephraim and Manasseh, a godly grandfather living, should get them to give you a verse of scripture to be remembered, and, if possible, you should get them to write it out, and have it beautifully framed, and, perhaps, by the blessing of God, it might in days to come be one of the good seeds of the Word which bring forth thirty, or sixty, or an hundred-fold.

Fridtjof Hansen.



The Fram.



THE *Fram* is one of the ships whose names will live in history till the end of time, and everything connected with her, however trifling, is of interest.

She is not a big boat, being only 128 feet long; her width, however, is unusually great in proportion, as the table will show :

NAME.	LENGTH.	BREADTH.	TONNAGE.
Teutonic,	582	57½	10,000
Campania,	620	65	12,500
Great Eastern,	680	82½	13,500
Noah's Ark,	525	87½	
Columbus' Ship,	75	22½	130
Nansen's Ship,	128	38	350

The *Fram* further is much rounder in her sides, much liker a bowl, than other ships, with no angles or projecting corners for the ice to grip.

But her greatest glory is her strength. Her sides, which are from 24 to 28 inches thick, are made of planks of oak, originally grown for the Norwegian Navy, which had been seasoning under cover for thirty years. The outside planks were made of greenheart, a wood which grows in Guiana, and is much used by harbour engineers. It is heavier than water, is of very great strength, and is remarkable above all for the greasiness or slipperiness of its surface when polished. The stem of the ship is also of oak, and is four feet thick. And all these frames and beams and planks were all fastened and strengthened by such a number of braces and supports that the inside of the ship looks like a cobweb. It was as

strongly built as it could be; so strongly built that after the most tremendous squeezing it ever received amongst the ice-floes—that of January, 1895, when all the men on board had been ordered out of her—there was not a single crack or splinter, nor was one seam opened or one bolt or nail started. The ship appears to have been as honest a bit of work as man ever made.

Dr. Nansen bade good-bye to his wife and child on Midsummer day, 1893. “A dull, gloomy day; and with it came the inevitable leave-taking. The door closed behind me. For the last time I left my home, and went alone down the garden to the beach, where the *Fram's* little petroleum launch awaited me. Behind me lay all I held dear in life. And what before me? What would I not have given at that moment to be able to turn back; but up at the window little Liv, my daughter, was sitting clapping her hands.”

It is not the first time that God has ordained strength out of the mouths of babes.

When the first Atlantic cable ceased to speak on the 3rd September, 1858, its last word was “forward.” And “Forward” is the meaning of the word “Fram.” Whatever the future of the ship itself may be, its work will never be done as long as its name continues to be to any man at once a command and an encouragement to follow on wherever God beckons.

“The earth hath He given to the children of men.” “Speak unto them, that they go forward.”

Lysaker, 12-3-92

Colin Archer Esq.

On your request I will inform you that the supply of Greenheart you have ordered for my ship from Glasgow will be paid by cheque as soon as the ^{bill of lading is} ~~charge is~~ received.

Yours very truly

Fridtjof Nansen.

The original of the above, type-written, corrected, and signed by Dr. Nansen, is interesting in its very mistakes. Dr. Nansen's command of English is much improved since then. Mr. Colin Archer is a Scotch shipbuilder settled at Larvik, a port at the south-west entrance of the fiord or

inlet that runs up to Christiania. Lysaker is where the Explorer lives. The greenheart wood was supplied by a Greenock firm, by a member of which, A. S. Moiries, Esq., late Chairman of our School Board, the Autograph was kindly given to the Editor four years ago.



Take ye heed ; watch and pray.

—*Mark 13, 33.*

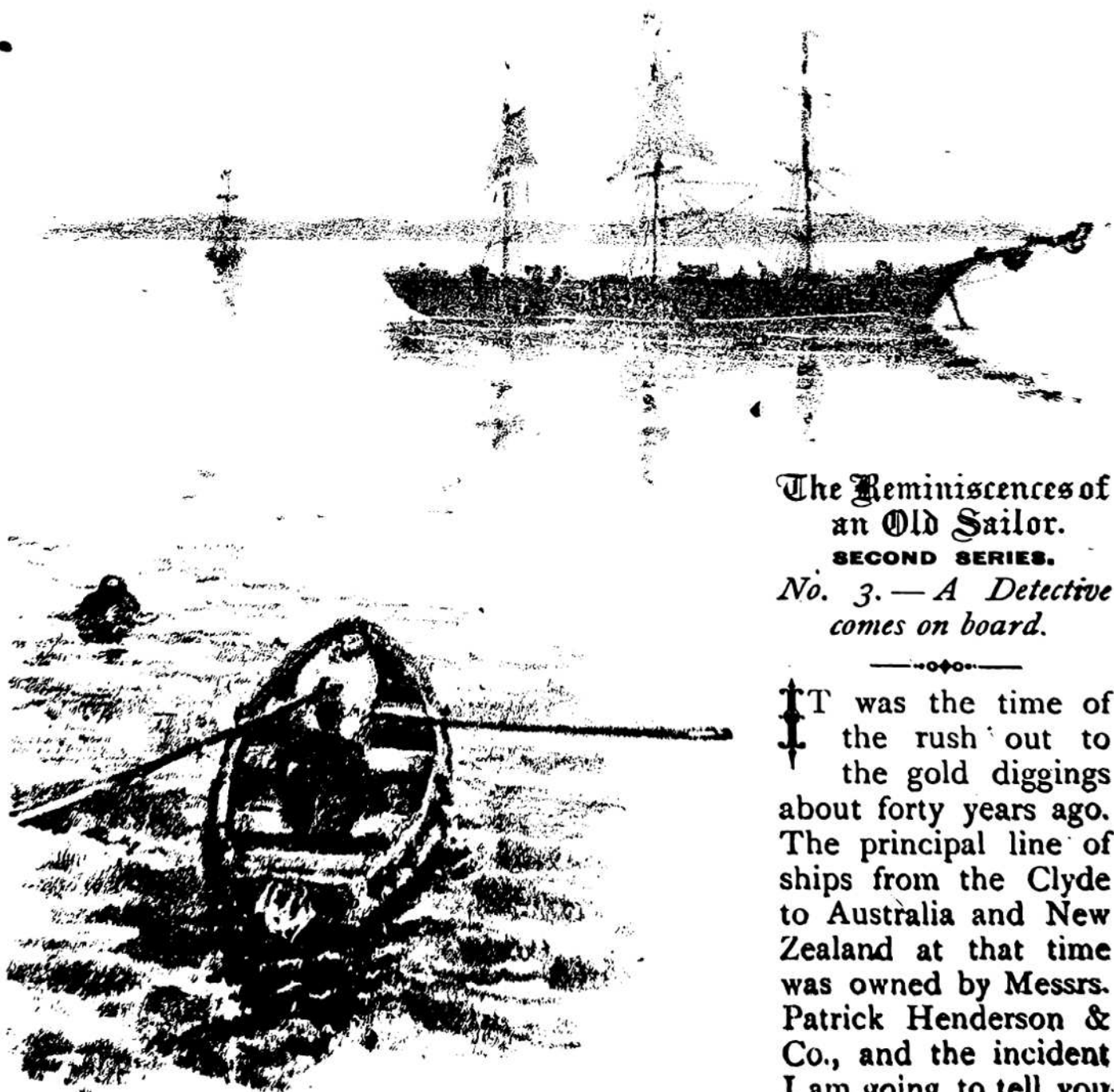
EVERY German soldier when he gets his kit receives a tiny gray volume, about a quarter of the size of this page, called *Gebetbuch für Soldaten*—the Soldier's Prayer Book. It contains a number of simple prayers for almost every kind of situation in which a soldier can be placed ; only there is no prayer for the day of defeat. Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, in his *Camps,*

Quarters, and Casual Places, thus translates the prayer which the soldier is taught to offer up before engaging on Outpost Sentry Duty :—

“ Lord Jesus Christ, I stand here on the foremost fringe of the camp, and am holding watch against the enemy ; but wert Thou, Lord, not to guard us, then the watcher watcheth in vain. Therefore, I pray Thee, cover us with Thy grace as with a shield, and let Thy holy angels be round about us to guard and preserve us that we be not fallen upon at unawares by the enemy.

Let the darkness of the night not terrify me ; open mine eyes and ears that I may observe the oncoming of the enemy from afar, and that I may study well the care of myself and of the whole army. Keep me during duty from sleeping on my post and from false security. Let me continually call to Thee with my

heart, and bend Thyself unto me with Thine Almighty presence. Be Thou with me, and strengthen me, life and soul, that in frost, in heat, in rain, in snow, in all storms, I may keep strong and return in health to the sentry picket. So will I praise Thy Name and bless Thy protecting care. Amen."



*The Reminiscences of
an Old Sailor.*

SECOND SERIES.

*No. 3. — A Detective
comes on board.*

IT was the time of the rush out to the gold diggings about forty years ago. The principal line of ships from the Clyde to Australia and New Zealand at that time was owned by Messrs. Patrick Henderson & Co., and the incident I am going to tell you took place on board a vessel belonging to

them, named the Pladda. She was a full-rigged ship of 800 tons or so—a pretty fair size in those days—and was commanded by a Captain Ritchie. We were lying at the Tail of the Bank, at Greenock, getting ready for sea, with about five hundred passengers, a good number of whom were domestic servants. Each class had its own separate compartment. The single men were forward, the married couples amidships, and the unmarried women aft. The Board of Trade officials had satisfied themselves about the boats, provisions, ventilators, lights, rockets, and everything else that was requisite for the safety of the ship and the comfort of all whom she carried. The passengers and crew had all passed before the Government doctor, too, and he had been satisfied that there was no case of infectious disease on board. We were quite ready, in fact, to proceed to sea. The ship's papers, and everything else, were all right. The only thing left to be done was the signing of one or two documents by the Government doctor and inspector.

"What is all included in the phrase 'the ship's papers?'" Well, of course, things were not quite the same then as they are now, but at the present time they include six or seven very important documents, which the Captain keeps carefully in a little box. First, and most important of all; is the ship's Register, that is, the paper which gives the official number of the ship. Each ship when it is registered at Lloyd's gets a number, and the possession of this certificate is a

proof that the ship is really the ship which it professes to be. You see there is nothing to prevent a dishonest captain and crew from painting a new name on their ship at sea, just as there is nothing to keep a bad man from passing himself off under a false name. If a stranger calls on important business and we don't know him, we say, "I don't know you; have you a letter of introduction? how can I tell you are the man you say you are?" And so with a ship. Then there are the crew's articles of agreement, which state the duration of the voyage, the rate of wages, the amount of money the sailor wishes to be paid every month to his wife or other relative while he is at sea. This includes also the names of all the crew. When a voyage is finished the ship-owner has to account to the Board of Trade officials for every man, dead or alive, who embarked on board. This is done specially for the sake of the friends of any sailor who may have died on the voyage. Then there are the clearance papers of the Board of Trade and the Customs House, which prove that the owners have satisfied all the requirements of the officials. There are also the Manifest of Cargo, a statement of everything carried by the ship; the load-line certificate which tells how deeply the ship may be laden; the certificates of the officers; the official Log which contains entries about the character and conduct of the crew; private instructions from the owner or charterer, that is, the man who hires the ship, for the Captain, hints which their

experience of particular ports and cargoes enables them to give him. Then for certain voyages a Bill of Health is required, that is, a statement that the port from which the ship sailed was free at the time from epidemics. These are, in the main, what we mean by a ship's papers, and if a Captain were to lose them, I suppose he would be in as great a state as poor Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress" was, when he found he had lost his roll which was to be his pass into the Celestial City. You remember he had to go back and look for it, and right glad he was, poor man, when he spied it lying under the settle in the harbour where he had fallen asleep.

Well, as we were waiting for instructions to take up the anchor and proceed to sea, a boat came alongside with a detective officer, and a warrant signed by the Sheriff of Renfrew, for we were still within the limits of his jurisdiction. If we had been outside the limits, I warrant you, no detective would have got leave to set foot on the Pladda. Captains don't want to be troubled with them at the last moment, or at any other time. He came up the ladder, and asked to see the Captain or officer in charge, as he had a warrant for the apprehension of one of the passengers. The chief officer had just come forward a minute before to ask me if all was ready, and I had told him that we were hove short, that is, that all the slack of the cable that held the anchor had been taken in, and that a number of the young fellows who were passengers had volunteered

to heave the windlass, and I had added, "I am not going to stop now for anybody but Queen Victoria." The detective came up and said to us, "Remember, it is at your peril if you take the ship to sea before I get my man. Here is his photograph," he went on to say, "have you seen anyone like that on board?" "Well," I said, "there are five hundred passengers, and you can't expect me to pick one of them out simply by looking at that, and I am not going to make myself an assistant detective, and if you are going to take anybody ashore, you would need to look smart about it."

"Oh!" he said, "there he is, I see my man." So he went forward to a man who was standing a little distance off, and said, naming him, "How do you do?" The man said, "You have the advantage of me, I don't recollect ever seeing you before." "When did you see so-and-so?" said the detective. "Is it that you are after?" replied the man; "I was owing him a little money, and I tried to see him yesterday in Glasgow, and failed. I had been at his house several times before, and never found him in. So I called on a friend of my own, and left the money with him, and asked him to settle with the man for me, and write to me afterwards. I have done all that was in my power."

"That may be all quite true," said the officer, "but I have my duty to do. I must take you ashore; I can't help it. Here's a warrant for your apprehension."

Meantime the man's wife had come along, for the whole family

were emigrating, and their five children were on board too. The man and his wife pleaded hard to be believed—and I must say they appeared to be a decent couple, and there was a look of honesty about them—but there was nothing for it but that they must part, she and the children going on to their destination, and he returning ashore. You see, all their belongings were on board, and they had paid their passage money. It was, I can tell you, a very sad parting, as sad a one, almost, as I ever saw, and I have seen many sad partings. The man and the officer went down the ladder, and we manned the windlass, “Up anchor!” got the towing hawser aboard the tug, and were off before the small boat was ashore. The poor woman was like to go distracted, and stoutly protested that her husband was an honest man and not a thief, but what could we do?

We had a fine fair wind, and we went beautifully down the channel. I left the Pladda about Ailsa Craig, as it was not necessary, in the state of the weather, for either tug or pilot to go further.

Did I ever hear how the poor man got on? Just wait a moment. I am coming to that. On my return to Glasgow I had to go to the shipping office with the return list and other papers. The return list was the number and names of all on board the ship, passengers and crew, when I left. When I went in, there was the man sitting, with another man beside him, who turned out to be the friend to whom

he had entrusted the money. Mr. Robert Henderson was then head of the firm. He had not heard anything of what had happened, of course, and was at first a good deal annoyed before he got the full version. I told him all the circumstances, as far as I knew them. It now turned out that all that the man had said was true, and further, that his friend was a honest man also, and had gone to pay the account, but had not been able to find the man. Now, however, the matter had been settled, and in proof of this they showed the receipt. Mr. Henderson was very sorry, “But,” said he, “I’ll tell you what I’ll do. We have another ship going out in a month, and I’ll give you a berth in her. And besides that, I’ll write out to our agents, explaining everything, and I’ll tell them to look after your wife and children—the mail boat with the letter will be out there before them—and to do everything for them that they can; and I’ll also write a letter to Captain Ritchie, telling him all that has happened, and I’ll give him instructions to read the letter to all the passengers and crew before anybody is allowed to land, and that will clear both your character and your wife’s, and your children’s, in everybody’s eyes.”

Delight thyself in God ; He'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee.
Thy way to God commit, Him trust,
It bring to pass shall He.
And, like unto the light, He shall
Thy righteousness display ;
And He thy judgment shall bring
forth
Like noon-tide of the day.

1	M	I am doing a great work ; why should the work cease?— <i>Neh. 6, 3.</i>
2	TU	Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.— <i>Eccl. 9, 10.</i>
3	W	A man diligent in his business.— <i>Prov. 22, 29.</i> De Witt, a Dutch statesman, 1625-1672, being asked how he got through so much work, said, "By doing one thing at once, and having finished it, going on in like manner to another."
4	TH	Redeeming the time.— <i>Eph. 5, 16.</i> "As daylight went, my mother followed it with her sewing to the window, and got another needleful out of it.— <i>Mr. Barrie.</i>
5	F	Gather up the fragments.— <i>John 6, 12.</i> The late Prof. Hort, of Cambridge, a great Greek scholar, always read while dressing and undressing.
6	S	He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.— <i>Prov. 18, 9.</i>
7	S	Garments for Aaron.— <i>Ex. 31, 10.</i> We have a Great High Priest.— <i>Heb. 4, 14.</i>
8	M	Manifest in the flesh.— <i>1 Tim. 3, 16.</i> God is a Spirit.— <i>John 4, 24.</i>
9	TU	She wrapped Him in swaddling clothes.— <i>Luke 2, 12.</i> Clothed with majesty.— <i>Ps. 93, 1.</i>
10	W	A woman touched the hem.— <i>Matt. 9, 20.</i> His train filled the temple.— <i>Is. 6, 1.</i>
11	TH	He took a towel, and girded Himself.— <i>John 13, 4.</i> Girded with power.— <i>Ps. 65, 6.</i>
12	F	They stripped Jesus.— <i>Matt. 27, 28.</i> Dwelling in light unapproachable.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 16 (R. V.)</i>
13	S	And put on Him a scarlet robe.— <i>Matt. 27, 28.</i> A vesture dipped in blood.— <i>Rev. 19, 13.</i>
14	S	They put a reed in His right hand.— <i>Matt. 27, 29.</i> A sceptre of righteousness.— <i>Heb. 1, 8.</i>
15	M	They did spit upon Him.— <i>Mark 15, 19.</i> The Lord's Anointed.— <i>Ps. 2, 2.</i>
16	TU	The crown of thorns.— <i>John 19, 5.</i> We see Jesus crowned with glory.— <i>Heb. 2, 9.</i>
17	W	A soldier pierced His side.— <i>John 19, 34.</i> Gird Thy sword on Thy thigh.— <i>Ps. 45, 3.</i>
18	TH	Nicodemus brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes.— <i>John 19, 39.</i> All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia.— <i>Ps. 45, 8.</i>
19	F	Then took they the body of Jesus and wound it in linen clothes.— <i>John 19, 40.</i> I have the keys of death.— <i>Rev. 1, 18.</i>
20	S	The napkin that was about His head.— <i>John 20, 7.</i> On His head were many crowns.— <i>Rev. 19, 12.</i>
21	S	God is a righteous judge,
22	M	Yea, a God That hath indignation every day.— <i>Ps. 7, 11 (R. V.)</i>
23	TU	The Lord hath opened His armoury,— <i>Jer. 50, 25.</i>
24	W	And hath brought forth the weapons of His indignation.
25	TH	If a man turn not, He will whet His sword.
26	F	He hath bent His bow, and made it ready.— <i>Ps. 7, 12 (R. V.)</i>
27	S	Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways ; for why will ye die?— <i>Ezek. 33, 11.</i>
28	S	The living creatures round about the throne have no rest.— <i>Rev. 4, 8 (R. V.)</i>
29	M	The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about.— <i>1 Peter 5, 8.</i>
30	TU	He found the disciples asleep again.— <i>Mark 14, 40.</i>
31	W	Yet a little sleep,— <i>Prov. 6, 10.</i> Daun, an Austrian General, 1705-66, was so slow in his movements, and so fond of sleeping, that, to ridicule him, the people of Vienna once half-filled his wife's carriage with nightcaps.

April, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 4.

Hedge Sparrow.



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BARFLEUR,

IN THE TAGUS, 1st FEBRUARY, 1811.

Sir,

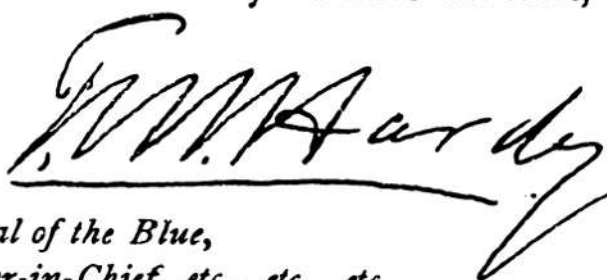
Saml.	C—.	48
Francis	F—.	92
Jno.	S—.	75
Jno.	B—.	78

I have the honor to inform you that the men named in the Margin have received the number of Lashes as expressed against their names.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,



Captain.

Hon. G. C. BERKELEY, *Admiral of the Blue,*
Commander-in-Chief, etc., etc., etc.

I have not thought it necessary to print the names of the men in full—"Let the dead past bury its dead"—but otherwise that is an exact copy of a document, signed by Sir T. M. Hardy, and written by his secretary, which was kindly shown to me by its possessor the other day. It is not by any means a pleasant paper to read. It is one of those records which, when they leap to light, put everyone concerned to shame.

For one thing, it vexes one to see how cruel our laws once were, and long continued to be. There is a time when the rod must fall on the fool's back, but God, Who, when we force Him to correct us, still does it in measure, forbade the Jews to give any one more than forty stripes, "lest thy brother should seem vile unto thee." Yet in the British navy in those days men

sometimes received a thousand lashes, their comrades and officers looking on, and the drummer boys who gave them were struck by the drum-major if they did not lay on the lash with all their might.

Nor is that the kind of document that we like to see Captain Hardy's name attached to. He is the man about whom I told you some stories two months ago, the brave and tender-hearted man whom the dying Nelson sent for, and to whom he said, with his last breath, "Kiss me, Hardy." It cannot have been easy for such a man with such solemn memories to sign a paper like that.

And Oh! how much it must cost the God Whose mercy is over all works, Whose throne is the mercy-seat, Who gave up His Own Son for us, Who has sworn with an oath—"As I live, I have no pleasure in

the death of the wicked"—how hard, how unspeakably and overwhelmingly hard, it must be for Him to say—"That servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to His will, shall be beaten with many stripes." Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men. Flee from the wrath to come. Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

* * * *

I fear that in these days God must be writing bitter things against the nations of Europe, and the rod appointed for Britain will be the heaviest of all. In 1655, when the Waldensians were being massacred by the Church of Rome, Oliver Cromwell refused to sign a treaty with the King of France till he

promised to help him in getting right done to these poor Protestants. He was even prepared to let the Pope hear the thunder of English guns in Rome itself. But the men who now rule our country are they who, a year ago, refused a place for Cromwell's statue in the halls of Parliament. And they did well. It was not for the like of *them* to honour *him*. As a people we have cried, "Peace, peace!" when there should have been no peace. We have preferred the Concert of Europe to fellowship with God. The Kings of the Earth have set themselves and the Princes taken counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 28.)

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HESTER VISCOUNTESS KEITH died 31st March, 1857. She was the widow of Admiral Lord Keith, and the daughter of Mrs. Thrale, better known as Mrs. Piozzi. Miss Thrale enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and was playfully called by him Queenie, or Queen Esther. She often recalled to memory her last interview with him. "My dear child," he said, shortly before his death, "we part for ever in this world; let us part as Christian friends should; let us pray together."

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THERE died, three years ago, BRIAN HOUGHTON HODSON, a man forgotten by all the world except the few who knew that he was one of the ablest men who had ever served our country in India, and one of the greatest Oriental scholars that has ever lived. He is a striking instance of the proverb, "Threatened men live long." When he was a young man in ill health in Calcutta, his doctor said to him: "Take your choice of three things—six feet underground;

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go back to England ; or get an appointment in the hills." On one occasion, it is said, when the Indian Prince, at whose court he was the Resident, came with a large body of troops to apprehend a man in violation of all law, Hodgson put his arms round the man, and said to the Prince, " You shall take both of us, or neither !"

- 96 MRS. MARY BAXTER died, daughter of Sir Thomas Hunkes, and step-mother of Richard Baxter. Her famous stepson, after speaking of the terrible winter which he spent as a lad listening to the "heart-piercing groans" of his own dying mother, adds these words : " My father, about a year after, married a woman of great sincerity in the fear of God ; whose holiness, mortification (that is, subduing of self), contempt of the world, and fervent prayer, in which she spent a great part of her life, have been so exceeding exemplary, as made her a special blessing to our family, an honour to religion, and an honourable pattern to those that knew her." She lived, we are told, " in great longing to be with Christ," in full understanding, all her days, and rejoicing specially at the last in the frequent hearing and repeating of the ninety-first Psalm.

THE earliest printers, like the first navigators, went very solemnly about their work. There was so much to do, and so little time to do it in !

This drawing roughly represents the mark or device put upon all the books published by Robert Estienne, or Stephens as we call him in Britain, a great French scholar and printer who was born in 1503 and died in 1559. The picture represents an olive tree, some of whose branches have been cut off ; and the words *Noli altum sapere* are the Latin for Romans 11, 20, *Be not high minded*. He was born a Roman Catholic, but became a Protestant when he was twenty-three. His wife's name was Petronella



Bade. She was a scholar, and taught her children and servants Latin that they might be able to speak to the strangers who came

to their house from every part of Europe. For a time he enjoyed Court favour. The King often came into his workshop, and is said on one occasion to have stepped aside and waited silently till the printer had finished the correction of a page on which he was engaged.

Stephens published eleven editions of the whole Bible, eight in Latin, two in Hebrew, and one in French; and twelve editions of the New Testament, five in Greek, five in Latin, and two in French. The Romish doctors of theology, whose object it was to prevent the printing of the Bible altogether, falsely accused him of putting in things that were not in the original, and so threatened him that he had to flee to Geneva. For lack of better they burned him in effigy. I wonder if they sent him the bill to pay, as Francesco d'Este, the Duke of Modena, did in 1821 to an Italian scholar whom he hanged in effigy after he found he had escaped to London!

At Geneva he became the friend of Calvin, and printed many of his works. Many of the books he published fetch high prices to this day, so exquisitely beautiful is the workmanship. It was in a Testament he printed in 1551 that the present division of its chapters into verses first appeared. We may say therefore that he has had no little influence upon the lives of every one of us. This arrangement into verses he carried out in the course of a journey he made on horseback from Paris to Lyons. He wished to call the little divisions *memata*

or *sectiunculae*, but on the advice of others he chose the word *versiculi*, and so we call them 'verses.'

From 1502 to 1673 the Stephens family issued from their various printing presses 1,590 editions. There were eleven printers of that name in all, and it is a touching commentary on the motto chosen by the greatest of them, that of the other ten two died in hospital, five in misery, and one in a debtor's prison. Therefore, again, "Be not high minded, but fear."



The Hedge Sparrow.

MANY years ago there was a man who had written an angry letter in his haste, and would have posted it but for a curious accident. The only stamps he had in his house were two ha'penny ones, and these mysteriously disappeared from off his desk at the last moment. By the time he got others his anger had cooled down, and the letter was not sent.

Some months afterwards he was looking at a forsaken nest, in some willows near his house, that had belonged to a Hedge-Sparrow or Warbler; and carefully woven into it there he spied two little unused red stamps! They had been blown out or cast out of his house, and the bird, attracted by their bright colour, had picked them up, and used the two 'Queen's heads' as blankets for her featherless little ones.

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

One has heard of a bird that

brought an olive leaf in her mouth to a man who was in deep waters, but here was one that took away two fiery darts. It was a curious illustration of the words of Eliphaz: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee. Thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin."

With two such stamps there was of course only one thing that could be done. The man wrote another letter to the man with whom he had been angry, and told this story in it.



The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

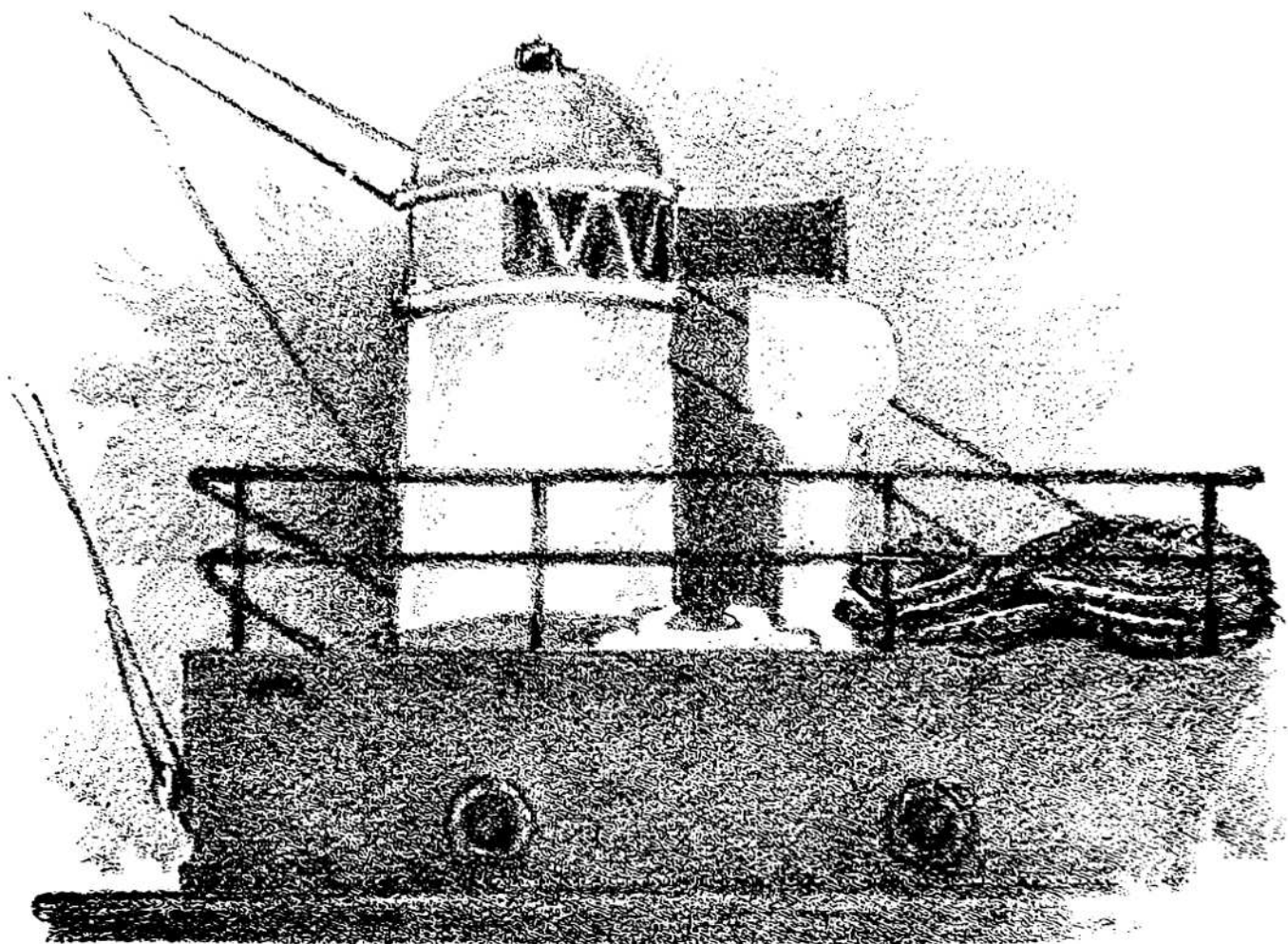
No. 4.—Let your loins be girded about, and your lamps burning; and be ye yourselves like unto men looking for their Lord.—Luke 12.

DAY and night at sea are divided, as you know, into four watches of four hours each, with the exception of the time between 4 p.m. to 8 p.m., which is divided into two *dog-watches*, as they are called, of two hours each. This arrangement prevents the same men from being always on duty at the same hours. During the watch the ship's bell is struck, generally by an apprentice, every half-hour. When the first half-hour is gone, he strikes the bell once, then at the hour twice, at the hour-and-a-half thrice, when two hours are passed four

times, and so on, adding a stroke for each half-hour till the last half-hour of the watch is gone, when the bell is struck eight times, and then they begin as before. Every half-hour during the night the look-out man sings out to the officer of the watch, "All's well. Lights burning brightly."

The morning watch, that is from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m., is the time when a sailor needs to be most vigilant. The ship's lights, and, of course, the lights of other ships as well as his, are beginning to get dim, and they require trimming. Sailors have a spare lamp to replace the one they take in, but like us all, when we are tired and sleepy, they are tempted to say, "What's the use? It will do till day-light. It will be light directly." But I say, "No, trim them now." A careless look-out man will cry, "Lights burning brightly," when they are quite dim, and I have more than once, when coming off the bridge, found them gone out. I challenged the man, of course, and he would say, "It was all right, sir, a minute ago. It must have gone out just as you came," and one had to take his word for it. But it is a true saying, true of more places than shipboard, that the darkest hour of all the night is the one before the dawn.

They have a little sort of light-house now on ships for putting the side-lights in, and that is a great advantage over the old way of doing things. It is not only safer for the men in stormy weather, but there is no risk of the light being put out. I have seen it so rough that it



seemed impossible for the men to get on to the forecastle-head to put the lights in their place, and yet, no matter how stormy it is, a sailor must just watch his chance and get them out some way. If you are a steamer, if need be, you must ease your engines down, and go slow. Of course, the white mast-head light is more easily managed. In little frequented seas, when sailors are well out of the track of ships, and weeks pass without sighting one, it is quite customary to do without lights at all, and, indeed, with a clear starry night they are scarcely required. But still, that is against the law, and it is not worth while running such a risk merely to save a little oil and labour.

Have I ever seen a ship's oil all

done? Yes, once. The oil-cask had been stove in, and they had to use slush or fat from the cook's barrel, the wick being simply a piece of canvas. They had no lamp that would burn that sort of stuff, so they got a couple of bottles, put a rope yarn round them below the neck, then got a hot poker, warmed a circle right round the yarn, and then popped the bottles into a bucket of cold water. That made the ends come away as clean as if they had been cut by a diamond. I have often seen us using a lamp of that kind in the forecastle when we had gone through all our oil.

It is in the morning watch, too, that men are most tempted to sleep. I am speaking, of course, of bad weather, when the poor fellows have

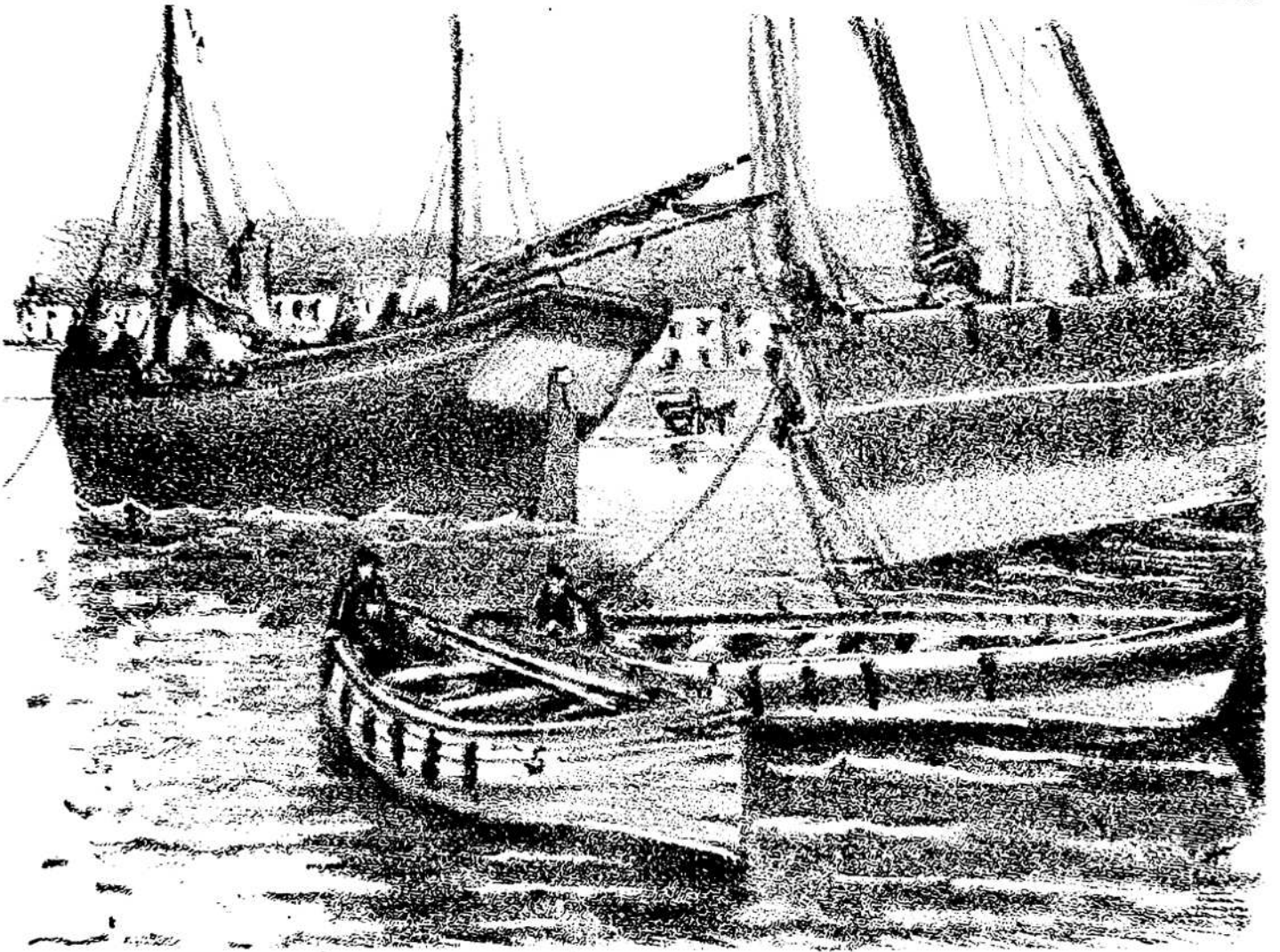
often for long no sleep, working, manning the pumps, setting sails. I have myself many a time, when I have been, say, three days and nights on duty running, asked a quarter-master to bring me a bucket of water on the bridge that I might get my face washed and myself roused and refreshed.

But even after the night is past and day has come, there are fogs that are in many ways worse than the darkness. And here I wish specially that I could draw the attention of ship-masters to a danger not generally recognised, that I myself have encountered frequently. I refer to the influence of fogs round the British coast on the ship's compass. There is, I am persuaded, some magnetic influence at work at such times, and it affects the compass. Let me give two instances. Once, when bringing a ship from Leith to Glasgow round the north of Scotland, when we were between Dunnet Head and Cape Wrath, on a straight course with no current to influence us either to the one side or the other, we got into a fog. We eased down the engines and went slow. First there came a great mountain of fog rolling down on us—we sailed ten miles before we got through it—then we had four miles of clear space, as clear as could be, then another ten miles of fog, then clear space again, and then another mountain. When we got clear of this last, there was another bank of fog denser than ever. "Get your leads," I said; "when you can't see, grope." We took three or four casts about a mile apart and found where we were. We had been set

considerably away to the right of our position, a course which meant danger as it was in the direction of the Butt of Lewis.

Another time I was going with a new ship from the Clyde to London. We found the compass perfectly correct all the way down St. George's Channel. But from Tuscar to the Longships, that is Land's End, we encountered for fifteen or twenty miles a cold stratum of fog, then a few miles of clear light, and then a hot stratum as if we had been in the Gulf of Mexico before a thunderstorm. When we got through this I said, "Try the lead." Lord Kelvin's patent lead line makes it so easy to take a cast that there is no excuse for a sailor now-a-days. In the old times the way had to be taken off a ship before the depth of water could be known; now we can find it out while the ship goes full speed. We got the depth and I saw from the chart that we would need to alter our course a point and a half; which we did and went straight to the Longships. When we got round the Land's End we tested the compass by the bearings of the sun on the course we were on, and found it perfectly correct. Whatever current there was should have set us the other way. I have the idea, too, that the Drummond Castle, which went on the rocks last year off Ushant, must have been so far to the right of her course simply because the fog had affected her compass. This opinion, mark you, is not formed lightly. I speak from the experience of forty years.

But after all, as I have said before, there is nothing like the three L's,



the Log, the Look-out, and the Lead, especially the last. The configuration of the sand and gravel even on the seashore, alters very little in the course of years. The coasters that are lying high and dry on the other side of the water out there are lying pretty much where their predecessors lay fifty years ago. But, speaking generally, the foundations of the sea remain unchanged. Storms and tides and the generations of men come and go, but, strange to say, the depth of the sea remains the same. And so accurately are the fathoms of water marked on the charts which sailors take with them, that if, after a number of casts of the lead you find your measurements corresponding to a similar series on the chart, you know the exact spot

where you are. But the chart also tells the kind of soil at the bottom, and if the mud, or gravel, or shells, or sand that sticks to the bit of grease that is put on the lead corresponds with what the chart says, you have a double guarantee. A ship in clear weather is like a man walking in the light of the sun with his eyes open. But a ship in fog is like a man in the dark who must grope with his arms and hands, or rather like a blind man, and the lead at the end of the line is like the dog at the end of the string, which acts as his eyes, and leads him by a way he knows not. What God hides in one way He reveals in another, and the humblest things often help the mightiest, that no flesh may glory in His presence.

FIVE men pass my window on their way to their train every morning.

No. 1 gets to the station from fifteen to twenty minutes before the time.

No. 2 can't be depended on. He was early all last week, but I saw him running yesterday and to-day, and he lost the train on Monday.

No. 3 walks quietly along and steps into the carriage, with from three to four minutes to spare.

No. 4 goes very smartly, and gets in to a moment, just as the guard blows his whistle. Some people I hear set their clocks by him.

And here's No. 5, poor fellow, galloping as usual. He is generally pushed into the luggage-van, where it takes him fifteen minutes to recover breath. That's a sandwich that has just jumped out of his overcoat pocket. He has not had time for breakfast, evidently, and his wife will get a scolding at night for forgetting to put his "piece" in. See, the crows have got it already! Aren't they quick at finding things?

Which of these five does best?

I think we shall agree in dismissing No. 2 at once. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

No. 1 I am sorry for. He was brought up in a home where the clock went sometimes fast and sometimes slow, gaining (which really means losing) ten minutes one day, and then falling five behind the next. He has never been able to trust a clock since, for, as King George II. said, "Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom." He lives in constant fear of being late. So much too early is

he as a rule that the porters have almost every day to ask him to leave the carriage that they may get it swept and dusted. But even if they leave him alone, he comes out himself to make sure once more that he is in the 9 o'clock express and not in the 9.20 slow. Indeed, I think he never feels quite at ease till the train has reached its destination. His fellow passengers will now and again play upon his fears by asking, with feigned anxiety, if he is sure this is the Glasgow carriage and not the one that goes on to Edinburgh. And the same disquietude haunts him all day. The morning's fear is but the beginning of sorrows. He may live all his days, but his days will only have six hours in them.

No. 5 is a nuisance to everybody. The engine-drivers feel tempted to start too quickly in hope of leaving him behind, so irritated are they as they see him come gasping down the long platform. Kind-hearted women put their heads out of the carriage windows, and get such frights as they see him bundled into the van that they feel ill for hours after. The guard affirms that the man will be killed some day, but even if he escape that fate, the heart disease that this hurrying brings on will certainly clip ten years from off his life.

No. 3 and No. 4 remain. To which of them shall we award the prize? There is certainly something fascinating in the punctuality of No. 4. He turns the corner at the right moment with a precision worthy of the sun himself. At one time I should have voted for him as the

model traveller by rail, but I have changed my mind. For I have twice noticed that he makes no allowance for what is unforeseen. There was a morning last winter when he lost his train, through the exceeding slipperiness of our roads, a keen frost having followed a night of sleet. And there was another day when a poor woman, who took a long time to tell me what she wanted, asked me to direct her to a certain house where she was to have a day's cleaning, and added that she had asked a gentleman a little before, who had told her that he was sorry he had to catch a train, but that she

should ask a policeman or any other person whom she might meet. And ever since I have put No. 3 first, for I see that he allows three or four minutes for helping message boys, or patting dogs on the head, or knocking orange peel and bits of glass off the pavement, or doing any other little task that may unexpectedly be set before him by the God of heaven Who holds both the hour-glass and the measuring reed in His hand, Whose are all our ways, and Who claims in His love to say, at any moment, concerning our time or anything else we have, "The Lord hath need of it."



"But other fell into good ground."

1	TH	The opening of my lips shall be right things.— <i>Prov. 8, 6.</i>
2	F	Death and life are in the power of the tongue.— <i>Prov. 18, 21.</i>
3	S	O Lord, keep the door of my lips.— <i>Ps. 141, 3.</i>
4	S	Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.— <i>Ps. 132, 9.</i>
5	M	We preach Christ.
6	TU	We preach Christ crucified.— <i>1 Cor. 1, 23.</i>
7	W	To the one a savour from death unto death ;
8	TH	To the other a savour from life unto life.
9	F	And who is sufficient for these things?— <i>2 Cor. 2, 16 (R. V.)</i>
10	S	Our sufficiency is from God.— <i>2 Cor. 3, 5.</i> Dr. Benion, of Shrewsbury, a friend of Matthew Henry's, wrote at the beginning of every sermon, Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ πάντα Χριστός, Ouden ego panta Christos, I am nothing, Christ is everything.
11	S	We faint not :
12	M	But though our outward man is decaying,
13	TU	Yet our inward man is renewed day by day.
14	W	Our light affliction. If you can't say that, said Dr. Bonar, try to say,
15	TH	It is for the moment.
16	F	It worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory ;
17	S	While we look at the things which are not seen.— <i>2 Cor. 4, 16-18 (R. V.)</i>
18	S	Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy strength.— <i>Luke 10, 27.</i>
19	M	Ye call Me Master : and ye say well ; for so I am.— <i>John 13, 13.</i>
20	TU	If I be a Master, where is My fear?— <i>Mal. 1, 6.</i>
21	W	The Lord, He is God, there is none else beside Him.— <i>Deut. 4, 35.</i> Mr. Fogg, a godly Non-conformist minister, who died, aged 80, 211 years ago to-day, said, a little before his death, "Assure yourselves the Spirit of God will be underling to no sin."
22	TH	No man can serve two masters.— <i>Matt. 6, 24.</i>
23	F	Choose you this day whom ye will serve.— <i>Josh. 24, 15.</i>
24	S	And the people said, Nay ; but we will serve the Lord.— <i>v. 21.</i>
25	S	Behold, I send you forth.— <i>Matt. 10, 16.</i>
26	M	Whatsoever is right I will give you.— <i>ch. 20, 4.</i>
27	TU	Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour until the evening.— <i>Ps. 104, 23.</i>
28	W	He saw them toiling.— <i>Mark 6, 48.</i>
29	TH	Thou didst encourage me.— <i>Ps. 138, 3 (R. V.)</i>
30	F	Call the labourers.— <i>Matt. 20, 8.</i>

The morning drum-call on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet ; the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.

But now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
(My work untrimmed) the sunset bell too soon.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

May, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 5.

Suggen.



One of Hansen's Dogs.

The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '90, '91, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1889, '92, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies. Eccles. 12, 11. R.V.

A FEW days ago, in one of the poorest and least reputable of our Greenock streets, I saw these words twice written on the pavement:

"Please keep off these Beds."

The wind and the rain had almost quite blotted out the chalk lines that marked out the "beds," and the numbers that distinguished them; and the little girl who had written the words was gone away I know not where. No doubt she had forgotten all about the beds herself and had made many other ones elsewhere. But these written words remained, and their courtesy and sweet peremptoriness seemed still to hallow the narrow pavement and to

perfume the air, as if some one had broken a box of ointment there.

THE late Professor Blackie noticed in his class one day that the student, whose turn it was to translate a bit of Greek, was holding the book in his left hand. Why that displeased him I cannot imagine, but displease him it did, and very wrongly, I think, he cried out, "Hold the book in your right hand." The lad paused for a moment, and then quietly went on with his reading. "Hold the book in your RIGHT HAND, sir," roared the Professor very angrily. Some of the students, as was only right and proper, began to hiss. "HOLD IT IN YOUR RIGHT HAND, SIR," again shouted the Professor. Whereupon the poor lad, with downcast eyes, stretched forth a right arm *that had no hand*.

"My dear boy," said the Professor, coming down from his desk and embracing the youth in fatherly pity and shame, "my dear boy, *can* you forgive me?"

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 40.)

At the
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SIR MATTHEW GOURNEY, a distinguished soldier of fortune in the time of Edward III., died in 1416. He took part, as his epitaph records, in seven signal set battles, amongst them being Crecy and Poitiers. But it added to the wonder, says Fuller in his *Worthies of England*, "that he who did lie and watch so long on the bed of honour should die at so great an age in the bed of peace." After his death his armour, and specially his buckler, were regarded by military men almost with veneration. Like all travellers, Gourney found the

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world to be a very little place. He was sent by the King on a private embassy to Lisbon, but was recognised in the streets by a soldier who had seen him in the fight at Poitiers, and immediately presented to the King. A tournament was held in his honour for several days to give the court an opportunity of seeing his prowess. None of the Portuguese, it is added, could stand up before him. His name appears for a moment in the literary history of England, he having been present at a controversy in 1390 at which the poet Chaucer appeared as a witness.

- 96 FRANCOIS LEGUAT died in 1734. He was a Huguenot who fled from France to Holland to escape persecution at the hands of the Roman Catholics after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1689. In 1691, he set sail with a few companions and landed the year after in Rodriguez, an island now belonging to Britain, 380 miles east of Mauritius. He hoped to found a French Protestant colony there, but his comrades, now only six in number, were all young men, and soon wearied of the loneliness. Having built a boat they set sail for Mauritius, and reached it after a voyage of eight days—a voyage so full of peril that at one time they “debated whether they should not forsake the helm, and without relying any longer on human endeavours, wait amidst their prayers for their last moment.” It was wisely resolved, however, that it was their duty to make their utmost efforts to the end. One of the crew had a piece of ambergris of six pounds weight, a substance believed to be produced by the spermaceti whale, and much used in perfumery—it now sells at £6 an ounce—and this fatal piece of gum, as Leguat calls it, brought on them a new series of trials. The Dutch Governor of the island, being covetous of it, imprisoned the little company on a little island a few miles off, and there they were kept till 1696. They were then transferred to Batavia in Java, and finally set free. After a seven months’ voyage, he landed on the 28th June, 1698, to use his own words, “in the great and glorious island of Great Britain, whose generous inhabitants have held out the hand to me, and fixed my repose as much as it can be fixed in this lower world.”

Leguat’s narrative of his eight years’ voyagings and sufferings, written in English, and republished by the Hakluyt Society in 1891, is a charming book, full at once of piety and humour, childlike simplicity and scientific accuracy. His description, for example, of the bird, now extinct, called the Solitaire, was long held to be a mere romance, but excavations carried on in Rodriguez thirty years ago have confirmed his truthfulness in every particular. He was as full of wonder as any child, glad that he was not one of those “who take but little notice of anything.” The shells he picked up he declares to be the work of an Excellent Workman. The porpoises astonished him as they marched close by the ship in order of battle, leaping up and down by turns, but still keeping their ranks. The whales, he says, were a true Marine Pleasure; he might have gone further, as a friend to whom I quoted the saying merrily observed, and called them the “Ne Plus *Ultra-Marine* Pleasure.” The birds that

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followed in their wake entertained them every morning and night with music, "the more agreeable because it put us in mind of the dear land which is so well beloved by all men that are sailing in the middle of the vast ocean." But the finest characteristic of the book and of the man is his constant sense of God's presence and guidance. Every day the little company had an "exercise of devotion." After every mercy they gave God thanks. After a storm, for instance, we find him saying: "We found a true and lively description of the tempest in Psalm 107, which we read with great pleasure and admiration, as we did also the 29th. Let who will boast of the famous ideas of Virgil on the same subject. What he says does not come up to the sublime of these two Psalms." Leguat loves to speak well of his companions. One of them, Mons. Benelle, who was under twenty, "was always gay and in good humour, and owing to his faculty of invention we built a rare vessel and manufactured certain little hats which were a very great comfort to us in our distresses." Another, Mons. de la Haye, was always "singing of Psalms, whether he was at work or walking." All of them were as industrious as it lay in their power to be. "Without serving any apprenticeship we became carpenters, smiths, ropemakers, mariners, and generally everything that was necessary for us to be." And when, one by one, they died, he strove to keep them in loving memory, as witness the epitaph he left in Rodriguez over one of them, whom he pleasantly describes as the "eighth part of the kings and inhabitants of this island":

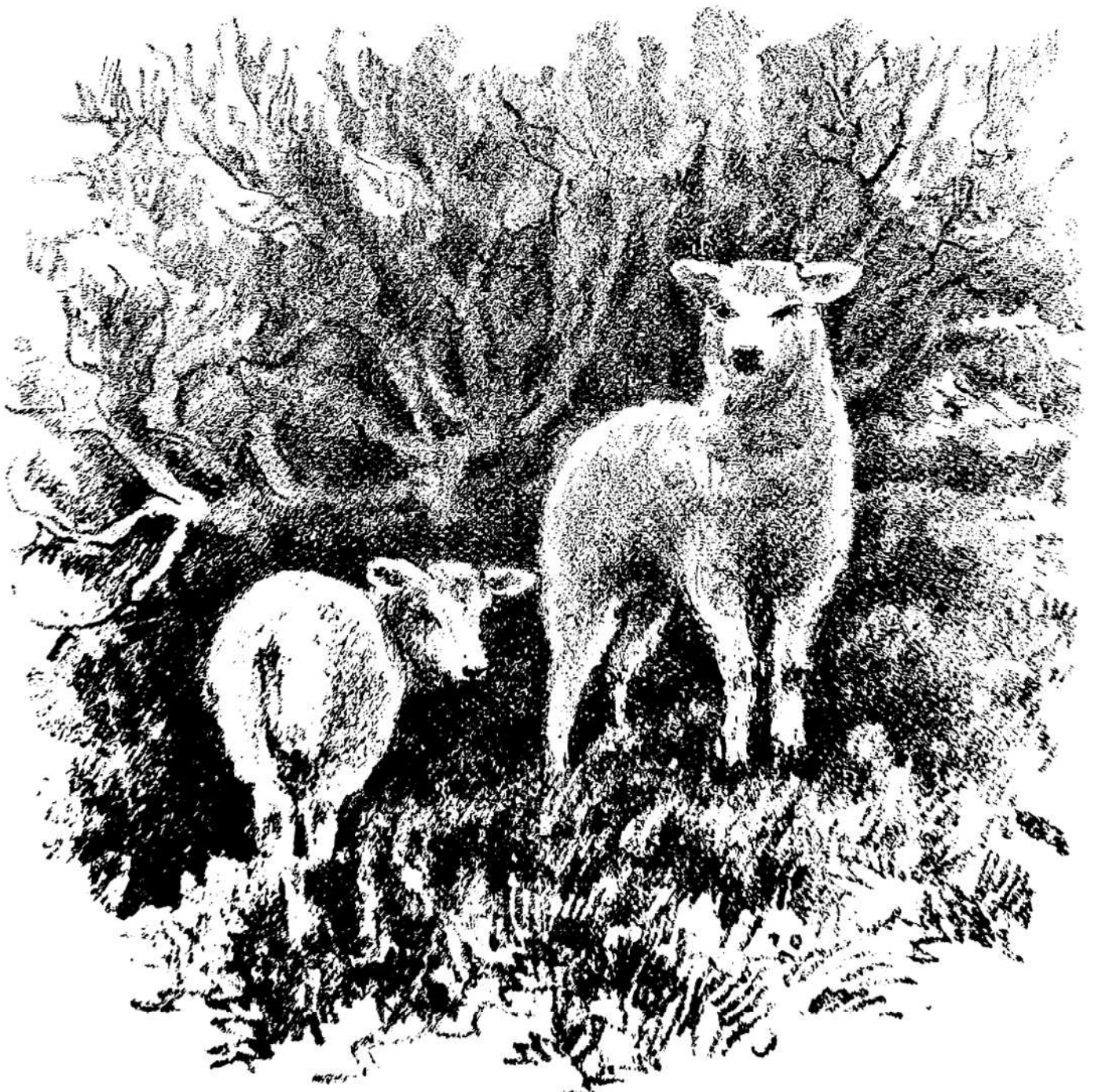
Beneath these Immortal Palms,
In the faithful bosom of a Virgin Earth,
Are piously deposited the Bones
Of ISAAC BOYER,
An honest and faithful Gascon, descended from Adam,
Of as noble blood as any of the Mortals his Brethren,
Who all reckon amongst their Ancestors Bishops and Millers.
If all men would live as he lived,
Dancing, Laces, Bailiffs, Locks and Keys,
Cannon, Prisons, Tax-gatherers, Monarchs,
Would be useless things in the World.
He was more independent than Sovereigns,
Being neither plagued with Flatterers, nor drunk with Ambition.
He was richer than Kings, for he wanted but One Thing—
A Wife.
He wrestled boldly with that terrible Enemy, Death,
And came off Conqueror;
Since at the same time that he yielded to us his Dust,
He procured the Honour for the Isle of Rodrigo
To render to the Lord one of the Blessed at the Resurrection.
His few and evil Days were not at most above
Ten Thousand and Six Hundred,
And that in which he took leave of the World
Was the 10th of May, in the year of our Redemption, 1693.

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Whosoever thou art, Passenger, that readest this,
Remember thou must die in a little while,
And Improve thy Time.

A * Ω *

And so, with this name of Christ in our lips, A * Ω *, Alpha and Omega, let us bid good-bye to Francois Leguat.



The pastures are clothed with flocks.—Ps. 65, 13.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 5.—*Animals on board ship.*

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

THE Cook at sea is always called Doctor, and with some reason, for good food well prepared is the best medicine; the Carpenter is called Chips; the Sailmaker, Sails; while the Captain gets nothing but The Old Man. The pig is Dennis.

Have they usually a pig on board? Very often, and he lives on the scraps and broken biscuits, and on what I have heard the men call benevolence. Sailors always prefer a whole biscuit for themselves. The pig has his wooden box on deck, but, of course, he gets out now and again, and be sure he invariably runs after the cook. The pig is killed on the voyage home, about 40 degrees north latitude, after the ship is out of the trade winds, and before she gets into the channel. The flesh wouldn't keep if it were killed sooner. But a good many captains of West India vessels used to fatten pigs on board, and sell them to the butcher on the completion of the voyage home for their own profit, not using them for ship's purposes at all.

I remember hearing a curious name given to a pig once. It was on board the full-rigged ship *Pladda*, Captain Ritchie commander. Whether rabbits had gone from London or Liverpool to New Zealand or not before that I cannot say, but those we had were

certainly the first that went out from the Clyde. You know that rabbits have become a plague out there now. They spend I believe more than £100,000 a year trying to get rid of them, and they kill them by the million, and yet the country is like to be eaten up. We had a number of British birds on board the *Pladda* as well, and a man to look after them. He was an elderly gentleman, and one day when he was telling the men all he knew about the various creatures he had charge of, one of the sailors in jest said, "I wouldn't give one of our Irish Nightingales on board for all your birds put together."

"Irish Nightingales?" he said, "let me see them." "This way," said the man, and so led him to the box where they kept two or three little pigs!

Yes, sailors have a warm heart for every kind of animal, and there is simply no kind of living creature which they wouldn't buy and bring on board if they were permitted.

A friend of mine was telling me lately that another captain and he had been going about and looking round them in Calcutta, when his companion suddenly got his eye on a black bear. He enquired the price, and after the usual haggling, bought it as a speculation — the bargain, of course, being that the bear was to be safely delivered on board his ship the *British General*. Quarters meantime were prepared for it, the captain fully expecting that it would need to be kept in pretty close confinement. But in about a week after, when my friend

paid a visit to the ship, judge of his surprise when he found the bear walking at large about the deck, eating out of the men's hands, and rubbing itself against them just as a dog does. And why not? God meant men and beasts to be friends, but we needn't wonder that they aren't when men are not at peace among themselves. If men, for whom Christ died, cut one another's throats, we can't expect the beasts of the field to trust us. We read that our Saviour was with the wild beasts in the wilderness, and no doubt He and they were friends, and if we were like Him they would be friends with us, too; and it's coming to that, and who lives to the millennium will see it.

I remember boarding a Whitehaven ship with a cargo of teakwood one Saturday. I boarded her out of another ship down channel. The wind falling light, I brought her to anchor in Gourock Bay, not being able to sail her any further up. The Customhouse officials, seeing us anchor so far down, thought there was something wrong, and pulled down in their boat—at least a mile and a-half. They were annoyed, of course, at having to row so far, and the moment they came on deck they began to find fault with me. "Why didn't you bring the ship to the proper anchorage? Some of you must have a good reason for this." "Give me a breeze of wind," I said, "and I'll soon bring her up as far as you like."

One of them, an Englishman, said he would overhaul my bag to see

that there was nothing contraband in it. "All right," I said, "there's the key, and give it back to me when you are satisfied, if you please. But," I added, "take you good care and don't go too near that box over there." It was all covered over with canvas.

"That's just what I wish to see," he replied, and so he up with the corner of the covering. Now, the ship was bringing amongst its cargo a number of wild animals for some Zoological Garden, and a she-tiger had been housed on deck. When the canvas was unexpectedly lifted the tiger, seeing a strange face and hearing a strange voice, gave a roar and let drive at the side of its cage with such force that one of the spars was broken. The captain and another of the Customhouse men were down below at the time, but they saw through the open skylight their friend on deck tumbling backwards in his fright. "I don't allow any one to meddle with my lady passengers," cried the captain.

"If that's a specimen of your passengers, I don't wish to see any more of them," was the answer, "but I'm coming down to overhaul your cabin."

The captain, seeing he was nettled, determined to tease him a bit, and said, "Better leave my cabin alone." "No," he said, "that is what I will not do." "Well, I advise you to take care of your fingers, you'll maybe find awkward company there as well as on deck." "All right, I'm not afraid."

Well, in the cabin in a big square box there happened to be a lot of

snakes of different kinds which were fed regularly on chickens and things of that sort, and when the officer went down, the snakes, thinking it was the steward coming to feed them began to put their heads out at the holes on the top of the box, and a queer sight it was, I can tell you. Mr. ——— got a worse fright than the tiger had given him, and made a bolt out of the cabin on to the deck and into the boat, crying, "For any sake let me out of this; snakes and tigers, I've been long enough on board this ship."

A captain I knew told me a curious thing once. He had taken two sheep on board at Sydney before starting for Calcutta. Unfortunately he had not too much fodder for them, and some of it spoiling he had very soon to feed the sheep on sailor biscuit. After a time one of them died, but the other took kindly to the new diet and seemed to thrive on it. The passage lasted about sixty days and for the most of that time it had no other feeding. It became such a pet that it came regularly to the cabin door for its biscuit, preferring to have it there rather than in any other part of the ship. On his arrival at Calcutta, he anchored close to the banks of the river where there was a fine grassy field. Having asked and obtained permission from the proprietor, a well-known Parsee shipowner, Aratoon Upcar, he put the sheep ashore to graze. But to his surprise it refused to touch the grass and kept looking towards the ship all day, standing as near it as it could, and baaing all

the time. It was put ashore every morning for three days, but there it stood and baaed, and not a bite of grass would it eat. On the fourth day it began to nibble the grass a little. But every evening, the moment it was brought on board, it made a rush for its biscuit to the cabin door.

The same captain had quite a different experience with some horses which he brought from Melbourne to the same port. He had about two hundred and forty of them. Horses take very badly with rough weather at sea. They find great difficulty in keeping their feet when the ship rolls, and it won't do to let them lie where they fall. If they are battened down below, they take pneumonia readily, though things now-a-days are better managed than they were then in respect to ventilation and so on. This voyage was an unusually protracted one. After sighting False Point below the Sandheads, they lost thirty-one days before they got up the river. All that time they were driven up and down the coast by the stormy weather. The fodder was all used up, even the straw in the sailors' beds was taken out, then the ship's provisions. A number of bags of flour, part of the ship's freight, were also given to the poor creatures, with the result that about thirty of them died and had to be cast overboard. But at last they got up the river, and when the horses saw the green fields they were like to jump out of their stalls into the water for joy.

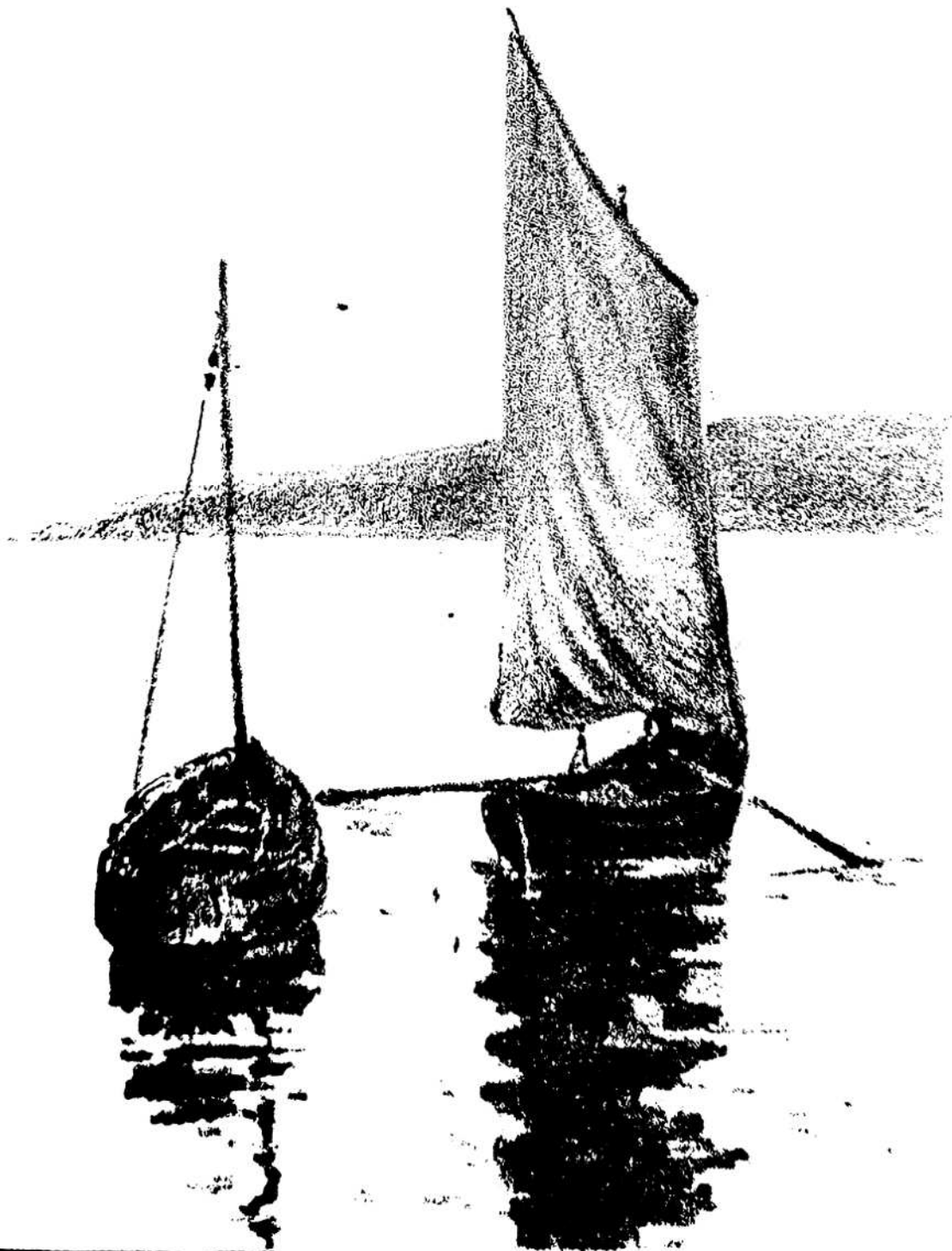
I don't know whether the beasts

in Noah's Ark went in two by two as decorously as the pictures I see at the railway stations represent them to have done, but I am sure that, after their long voyage—weren't they in the Ark over a twelvemonth?—they were more than human if they came out as decorously! The Bible itself tells us how glad the poor dove was to see a fresh olive leaf, and how pleased

it knew its shipmates would all be to see one too.

But not alone the fairest flowers :
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love Who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

—Christina Rossetti.



Hansen's Dogs.

ONE of the most striking pages in Nansen's *Farthest North* is that in which he gives the name and weight of each of the twenty eight dogs that Johansen and he took with them on their great sledge journey. Kvik, the heaviest, weighed 78 lbs.; Bjelki, the lightest, 38. It reminds one of the close of that chapter of Ezra in which God records the names of those who left Babylon and came to Jerusalem: "The whole congregation was forty and two thousand three hundred and threescore. Their horses were seven hundred thirty and six; their mules, two hundred forty and five; their camels, four hundred thirty and five; their asses, six thousand seven hundred and twenty" It reminds one, too, of the famous words of Moses to Pharaoh: "Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not an hoof be left behind." The cattle that carry our burdens and share our toils should be partakers also of our honour and our joy.

One by one, as the two men went on, the dogs began to wear out. Each in its turn had to be killed and was then thrown to the others for food. They were always fighting when they were well, yet when Livjaegeren, the first to go, was cut in pieces, and given to the others to eat, they all went supperless to bed rather than touch their comrade's flesh. But as time went on, their feelings became blunter as their hunger became keener, and they ate each other greedily, hair and all. But men and women, who were

made in the image of God, have done worse than that in time of famine.

When the two men, after many weary months of travelling over fields and hummocks of ice, came at last to open water, they had only two dogs left, Kaiphas and Suggen. Johansen then shot the first, and Nansen the other, neither of them having the heart to shoot his own favourite. It is easy for us, of course, who read the book as we sit at home at ease, to criticise their act, and yet, even while we remember the difference between their situation and ours, and while we bear in mind how much better a man is than a dog, we cannot help regretting that these two brave men in what they did yielded to anything short of compulsion. It would not have been easy, perhaps, to take the two dogs in the kayaks, or frail Esquimaux boats, with them. But one would have liked them at least to make the attempt. And God would assuredly have blessed them for it.

I knew a young officer some years ago who was afterwards the youngest captain who ever commanded a great Atlantic liner. He had the high honour of taking charge of the boat which rescued eleven men from a Norwegian barque that was sinking in mid-ocean. Their captain, of course, was the last man to leave his ship, but before he leapt into the boat, he said, pointing to a big dog that was shivering beside him, "Will you take him too?" And the answer came instantly, "Certainly, throw

him in." Who can tell but the presence of the dog meant the presence of another angel in the boat! When they came to Liverpool the captain gave him to his rescuer, and no man, I can testify, could wish a more faithful friend than that dog became to his new master.

There is a beautiful story in an earlier part of Nansen's book connected with a dog named Svarten. The men called it in irony Johansen's friend, because it

seemed to have a special dislike to him. One day it was killed by a bear, and when one of the men said to Johansen, "Aren't you glad your enemy is done for?" he answered, "No, I'm sorry." "Why?"

"Because we did not make it up before he died."

That was well said, and as one thinks of it, one feels that neither Johansen who said it, nor Nansen who tells it, could be a cruel-hearted man.



The Cattle upon a thousand hills are Mine.—Ps. 50, 10

1	S	If God so clothe the grass of the field.— <i>Matt. 6, 30.</i> “A Flower daily weareth God’s livery.”
2	S	The Lord’s day.— <i>Rev. 1, 10.</i> Dr. Davenant, Master of Queen’s College, Cambridge, being summoned to meet James I., refused to ride on the Lord’s day, and so was a day later in coming to the court; yet was he “no less welcome to the King, who not only accepted his excuse, but commended his forbearance.”
3	M	Commit thy way unto the Lord.— <i>Ps. 37, 5.</i>
4	TU	We ought to obey God rather than men.— <i>Acts 5, 29.</i>
5	W	The Lord your God was your king.— <i>1 Sam. 12, 12.</i>
6	TH	Them that honour Me I will honour,
7	F	And they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.— <i>1 Sam. 2, 30.</i>
8	S	In keeping of Thy judgments there is great reward.— <i>Ps. 19, 11.</i>
9	S	The devil saith, All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt worship me.
10	M	Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan.— <i>Matt. 4, 9.</i>
11	TU	What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?— <i>Mark 8, 37.</i>
12	W	Your gold and silver is cankered;
13	TH	The rust of them shall be a witness against you,
14	F	And shall eat your flesh as it were fire.— <i>James 5, 3.</i>
15	S	Better is little with the fear of the Lord.— <i>Prov. 15, 16.</i> “I have taken \$250 instead of \$400 this year, for a store on Long Wharf, which I manage for my mother, rather than let it for a grocery, knowing that rum would be sold in it.”— <i>Oliver W. Holmes writing to Lowell, Nov. 29, 1846.</i>
16	S	The Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
17	M	To set them amongst princes,
18	TU	And to make them inherit the throne of glory.— <i>1 Sam. 2, 8.</i>
19	W	He saw Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and saith, Follow Me.
20	TH	And he left all, rose up, and followed Him,
21	F	And made Him a great feast.— <i>Matt. 9, 9; and Luke 5, 28.</i>
22	S	The people willingly offered themselves.— <i>Judges 5, 2.</i> Bentzen, the merriest of his crew, went on board to speak to Nansen for the first time at Tromsø at 8.30, and at 10 o’clock the Fram set sail.
23	S	Thou makest darkness.— <i>Ps. 104, 20.</i> Miss Menie Trotter, an old Scotch lady, a friend of Lord Cockburn’s, being asked shortly before she died how she felt, said, “Very weel, but my candle’s just done.”
24	M	Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee.— <i>Ps. 139, 12.</i>
25	TU	God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.— <i>1 John 1, 5.</i>
26	W	For Thou art my lamp, O Lord,
27	TH	And the Lord will lighten my darkness.— <i>2 Sam. 22, 29.</i>
28	F	Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
29	S	And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.— <i>Is. 60, 1.</i> M’Cheyne’s last text.
30	S	It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait.— <i>Lam. 3, 26.</i>
31	M	Wait patiently for Him.— <i>Ps. 37, 7.</i> Hudson, the navigator, named the furthest point he reached in his voyage north in 1607, <i>Hold-with-Hope.</i>

June, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.



*This is the Favourite Perch of a Boy who is always complaining that the
Seats in Church "are so uncomfortable."*

The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '90, '91, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1889, '92, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

*Owe no man anything.—Rom. 13, 8.
And the man of God said: Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest.—2 Kings 4, 7.*

A reproof entereth more into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool.—Prov. 17, 10.

THE late Rev. Dr. Pritchard, F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford, was a schoolmaster in his early manhood. Some of his boys at one time contracted debts at a confectioner's which they were not able to pay. And this is the way he punished them.

He formally adjudicated the boys to be bankrupts, and then took from them their tops, and balls, and knives, and whatever other valuables they had, and sold them by auction. But as the money which the sale brought in was not enough to pay the bankrupts' debts, he took

their jackets in pledge in order to make up the deficiency. It happened to be winter at the time, and to keep the coatless boys from catching cold he gave them each a blanket, which they had to wear wherever they went. For a long time afterwards these boys were nicknamed the Esquimaux. Their parents, of course, had to pay their debts for them at the proper time.

Meanwhile, I am glad to say, the man who kept the shop was punished too; for, instead of getting his money all at once, he had to come for it and get it in the same dribbles, and at the same intervals of time, as those in which the boys had incurred the debts. And, inasmuch as he was even more to blame than they, I hope he got many a good drenching in the rain before all the money was paid, and that ever afterwards his shop was declared to be "out of bounds," that is, one into which none of the boys was allowed to go. And may all persons who lead either boys or girls, or men and women, into debt fare the same way!

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 53.)

At the
age of
96

MISS STIRLING GRAHAM of Duntrune, Forfarshire, died in 1877. She was famous over Scotland for the merry innocent pranks she played in her youth. She would dress herself up and go to the houses of her friends, announcing herself as the Lady Pitlyal, or some other imaginary character, and so clever was her disguise, and so wonderful the skill with which she would manage the conversation, that men like Lord Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott, to whom she was well-known, were completely "taken in." Indeed the only persons who ever found her out during her impersonations were children—and dogs!

At the
age of
96

There was no deceiving them! She never ridiculed or mimicked any living creature, and no one ever took offence at what she did. Her impersonations never lost her a friend, but, on the contrary, originated friendships that ceased only with life. You will find an account of some of her pranks in a book called *Mystifications*, published by her when she was old.

Humour is one of God's gifts, and He means us to use and cultivate it. There is wise jesting as well as foolish. Those words are not "idle," says an old divine, "that lead to lawful delight." The talent of mimicry has its special temptations, but we may mimic even the living and do it lovingly, and in the fear of God.

97 THE OLDEST MAN I KNOW is ninety-seven years of age. He uses no spectacles, and is still well and hearty. He kindly consented a few weeks ago to choose a text as his message and legacy to the girls and boys who get the *Morning Watch*. I have never seen him, but I hope that you and I will not only read the text and learn it off by heart, but also claim the promise, and then we shall all meet one day—IN GLORY.

This is the text, and this is a copy of his writing :

And the that be wise shall
shine as the brightness of
the firmament and the
that turn maney to righteousness
as the stars for ever and
ever.

Daniel 12. 3

April 17th 1897

At the
age of
97

DR. THOMAS MORTON, Bishop of Durham, died in 1660, blessed to the last, so Isaak Walton says, "with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart." Most English Church Bishops—and sorry, sorry one is to have to say it—belong to what is called the High Church party, that is, their sympathies are much more with the Church of Rome than with Protestantism. Morton, on the other hand, was what we should now call a Low Churchman, one of the party that is not ashamed to be called Protestant. He was brought up at York, having for one of his school-fellows Guy Fawkes, "which sheweth that Loyalty and Treason may be educated under the same roof." In 1602 during the time of the plague he gave himself up to the service of those who were in the "pest-house," carrying food and medicine to them on the crupper of his saddle, and allowing no servant to attend him. He was a lover of good men and poor scholars, specially such as were driven by persecution to England from other lands, his house being ever open to them as a place of refuge in their time of trouble. He slept on a straw bed and rose every morning at four o'clock, never retiring till ten at night, and he took but one full meal in the day. "In his attire he was always decent in his lowest ebb, and never excessive in his highest tide." Misfortune overtook him in his old age, but the measure he had given to others was meted out to himself. For, on his way to London, he fell in by chance, as we say, with one Sir Christopher Yelverton, whose family and he had at one time been at variance. Sir Christopher, failing to recognise him, asked him who he was and whither he was going. "I am that old man, the Bishop of Durham," he replied, "and I am going to London to live there a little while and then to die." "Nay," was the answer, "you will come with me," and so saying, Sir Christopher took him home with him, and in his house the old man lived, treated as a father, till he died.

Praise the LORD ye flying fowl: kings of the earth and all people.—Ps. 146, 10.



Coronation. Texts.

WHEN a British Sovereign is crowned, a part of the ceremonial consists in the preaching of a sermon. It may be interesting, at present, to read the texts that have been chosen by the preachers during the last three hundred years. There are three that I have not been able to find, namely, those preached from when James II., George I., and George II. were crowned, but the others are as follows:

1. At James the First's crowning: Romans 13, 1, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers.

For there is no power but of God : the powers that be are ordained of God"—a text that would please the man well who said it was "presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do."

2. At Charles the First's: Revelation 2, 10, "I will give thee a crown of life." He was afterwards crowned also at Edinburgh, the text then chosen by the Bishop of Brechin being, 1 Kings 1, 39, "And Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle, and anointed Solomon. And they blew the trumpet; and all the people said, God save King Solomon."

3. At Charles the Second's: Proverbs 28, 2, "For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof: but by a man of discretion and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged." Charles had been previously crowned in the parish church of Scone in Scotland, the sermon being preached by the Moderator of the General Assembly from the passage 2 Kings 11, 12—17, which describes the crowning of Joash by Jehoiada, and the covenant made by him between the Lord and the king and the people.

4. The text at James the Second's coronation seems, from the description given of the sermon, to have been taken somewhere from the first chapter of 1 Kings.

5. At William and Mary's: 2 Samuel 23, 3-4, "The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spoke to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God: and

He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

6. At Queen Anne's the text was, Isaiah 49, 23, "And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers."

7. At George the Third's: 1 Kings 10, 9, "Blessed be the Lord thy God Which delighteth in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made He thee king, to do judgment and justice."

8. At George the Fourth's: the same as at William and Mary's, 2 Samuel 23, 3-4.

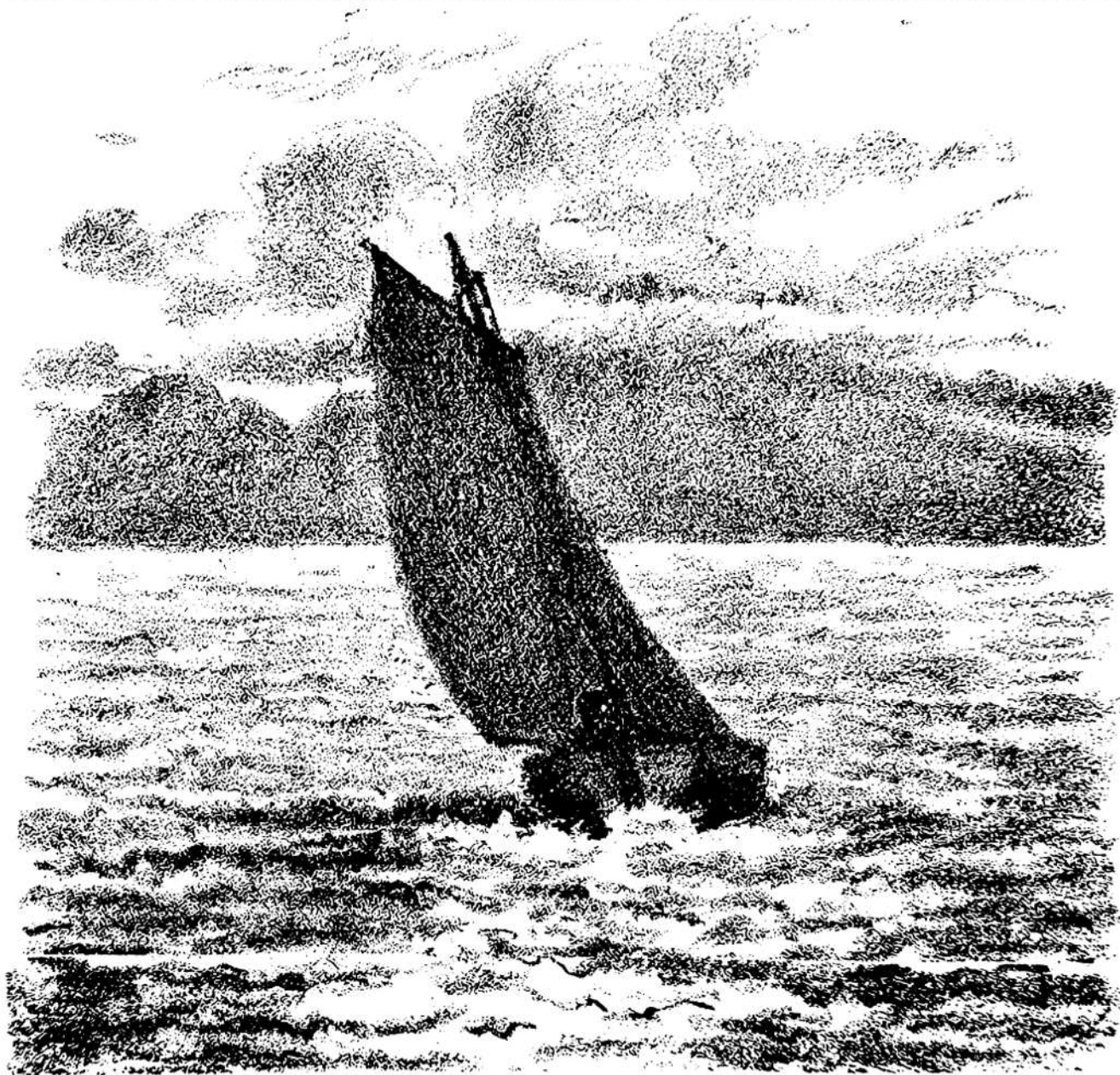
9. At William the Fourth's: 1 Peter 2, 13, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake."

10. At Queen Victoria's: 2 Chron. 34, 31, "And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."



WHEN the lady who afterwards became Philip Henry's wife and Matthew Henry's mother told her father that Mr Henry wished to marry her, he said, "But I do not know where he comes from."

"But I know," was her answer, "where he is going to, and I should like to go with him."



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain.—Eccles. 12, 1.

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm.—Joel. 2, 25.

Over the Sea to Skye.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
Rum on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul;
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
 Say, could that lad be I?
 Merry of soul he sailed on a day
 Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
 Mountains of rain and sun,
 All that was good, all that was fair,
 All that was me is gone!

R. L. Stevenson.

— *~~~~~* —
The king himself is served by the field.
—Eccl. 5, 9.

NEARLY twelve bolls per acre—and a boll is 240 lbs.—that was the crop taken last year off the field on which these women are working. It was a field of oats, and oats make the meal that makes the porridge which makes us praise God every morning, and strengthens us for doing His work every day. Twelve bolls was a good crop.

After the oats had been taken off, the field was ploughed, and then the manure, 20 tons per acre, was put on just before the New Year. The manure lay for four months, and then the ground was broken up and made ready; then it was drilled and sown with Swedish turnips, 4 lbs. of seed being used to the acre. Swedish turnips have a kind of glaze on the leaf and are darker in colour than yellow ones. They are reckoned more solid and less watery.

By the middle of this month they will be ready for thinning. Eight women with a man over them will thin an acre in a day. In three or four weeks after that the farmer's people will go through them and clean them with hoes. Then the

plough will be put through them to enable any rain that falls to run away more easily. By October or November they should be ready, and if the farmer gets forty tons per acre he will be immensely pleased; if he gets thirty he won't grumble, or at least he says he won't, and if he gets only twenty, he will say, "Well, it might have been worse."

In some places the turnips are lifted as they are needed, and the last of them will adorn the field till next March. In other districts they are lifted in November and stored either in sheds or heaped up in the fields and happed with straw, wet straw with a plank or two of wood on the top to keep it from blowing away. A little rain will do them no harm, but severe frost will.

Some of the turnips will go to the greengrocer's, and when you are taking broth you must think sometimes, not only of God, but of these women and the hard and not always pleasant work they have to do. Their wages are two shillings per day and their hours are from 7 in the morning till 6 at night, with one hour at mid day for dinner, and let us hope that their master will bless them and be good to them as Boaz was to his servants, and that all of them like Ruth will put their trust under the wings of the Almighty.

The rest of the crop will be used for feeding cattle. For a cow's eating in winter they are used chiefly as an appetiser and to keep the stomach in order. Cows that are giving no milk, or young cattle, will get about half-a-hundredweight per day, though they could take



much more than that, with a stone of straw or hay. That amount of straw will cost sixpence and the turnips fourpence ha'penny. But a milk cow will get in addition from 8 to 10 lbs. of cake, and maybe—which should make a boy's mouth water—a whole pound of treacle!

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 6.—*Stowaways.*

STOWAWAYS now-a-days are very often lads or grown-up men who wish to emigrate, and either can't or won't pay their

passage money. And persons of that sort are such a nuisance that an Act had to be passed some time ago, by which any person, "who secretes himself and goes to sea in a ship without the consent of the owner, consignee, or master, or of any other person entitled to give that consent, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £20, or to imprisonment with or without hard labour for a period not exceeding four weeks." But in my younger days stowaways were boys and lads who wished to become sailors, and went to sea from a spirit of adventure. I should say that at least two-thirds of our Greenock sailors in those days had all been stow-

aways on their first voyage. The West India trade was the great thing then, and the ships engaged in it carried no apprentices. They took out coals in hogsheads, which were emptied at Trinidad and sent on floats to the sugar plantations. There was a big surf, and the hogsheads were rolled out of the floats into the water, and we jumped after them and pushed them and got pushed ourselves by the breaking waves, till they and we were rolled on to the beach, and there the casks stood and drained. Then we had to parbuckle them, that is, put a rope round them and work them up the hill. Sailors had to do all the lading and unlading, and dragging the cargo to and from the ship, in those days.

Well, the stowaways got in amongst these casks. A few would come quite prepared with victuals and they could remain a good while down below, but the majority were too excited, I suppose, to take much food at home that day, and boys get hungry pretty soon. The most of them were ready enough for a meal by the time they came up on deck. How long would they be below? Just till they thought they were clear of the land and the pilot away, and that might be from twelve to forty-eight hours. Sometimes fear brought them up when the ship began to heave, and I have known a few who were very glad to be put ashore. A clean, cosy bed is a bigger luxury than we know. A shipmaster was quite pleased to have one or two of these boys, for most of them could pull an oar, and

they came handy on the West India trade, in which, owing to the distance at which ships had to anchor from the shore, a great deal of small-boat work had to be done. Then, too, some of them were quite able to be sent aloft their first day at sea, for they had often practised that at the quays. I have seen the rigging of ships in the harbour covered with boys, all trying who could go up furthest. I have seen them as high up as the truck. I really don't think I have ever seen a stowaway who was not worth his meat at least. And the sailors were always glad to have some of them, as they became their servants when it was their watch below, cleaning the forecabin and fetching the food from the galley.

Of course, a search was generally made before a ship left the dock, though sometimes there would be no time for that in the hurry and confusion, when the master was trying to save a tide. Besides, the sailors often knew that the boys were there, and not only tried to hide them but fed them on the sly, though if a captain knew that a sailor had known about the boys being there from the beginning he could have made them responsible for their passage money if he liked. But no captain would ever have dreamt of doing such a thing, though he might threaten to do it often enough. The lads, as a rule, were well used and were often brought home on wages. If one had a lot of them, they were put on board other ships in the Indies, and captains were often glad to get

them, as the lads had learnt something and become useful by that time. They got no wages, of course, on the voyage out, but when the crew were paid the sailors would make up a subscription for them. I have known a lad, when he was the only one on board and had done his duty well, get as much as £3.

Before the pilot left, the mate or second mate would go to the hatches and sing out, "If there are any stowaways down there, come on deck at once. We are going to batten down the hatches, and this is the last chance you'll get. If you stay below you'll be smothered or starved to death." Then, maybe, you would hear a small squeaky voice crying out, "I'm here, sir; I canna get oot. What will I do? Will you come and roll this cask off me?" Then when one came on deck, the mate would say, "How many more of you are there down below?"

"I dinna ken, sir."

"You young rascal, if you don't tell me at once, I'll give you a rope's ending."

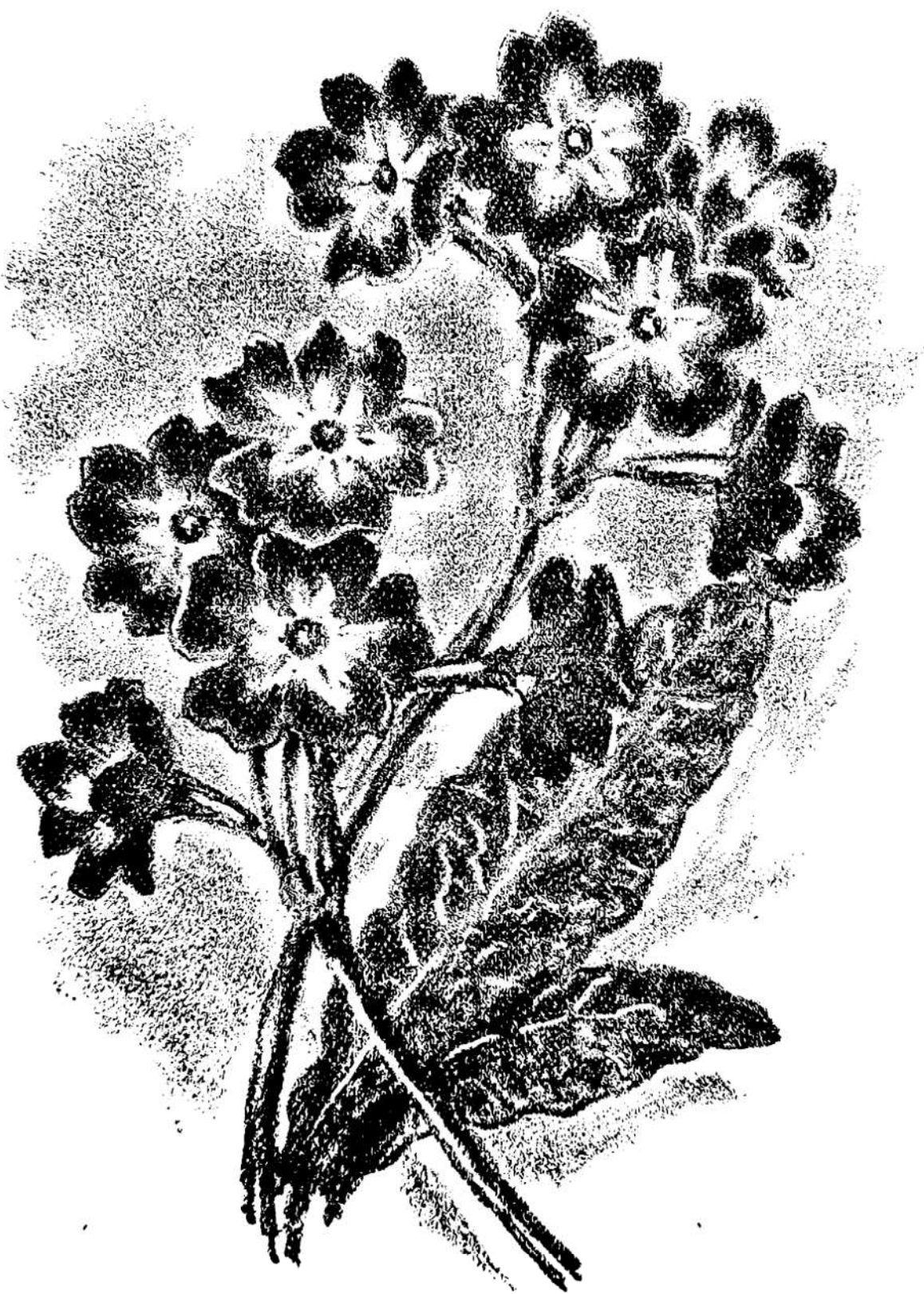
"I think there are three or four, sir, but I only ken so-and-so."

You see, when a boy hid in a ship he wouldn't know at first whether there were any others or not, but after a time they would speak and huddle together in the dark. And then, when they came up on deck and saw each other, and the figures they were, for the first time, all of them as black as darkies with the coal, they often couldn't help bursting into laughter.

Sometimes, if only one boy was found and he was to be sent ashore, he would tell on the others through chagrin. But if we were out at sea when they first popped up their black heads and faces through the fore or after hatch—the main hatch as a rule being covered by the long boat or something or other—the mate would frighten them pretty well and threaten them with punishment, and then send them forward to get food. There was always at that time plenty of salt beef in the kid—that is the little tub in which the sailors get their food—sailors having little appetite for salt beef, or at least for the uneatable kind of it that used to be given in those days, for the first day or two after they left port. Then, of course, there was plenty of sailor biscuit, and indeed I think many a boy stole away to sea just for love of ship's biscuit. A boy would do anything to get one.

Most of these boys, I must say, were manly little fellows, and I have very seldom seen any of them show the white feather. Yet I think no boy should go to sea without his mother's blessing, and if a man is going to emigrate, let him pay his fare honestly like Jonah, though I hope he won't be like him in trying to flee from the presence of the Lord.

What is the greatest number of stowaways I have ever seen in a ship? Fourteen, and that was in the old West India Packet *Trelawney*. That was a laughable story, and if I am spared I shall tell it to you next month.



Polyanthuses.

1	TU	Wherefore discourage ye the heart of the Children of Israel?— <i>Nim.</i> 32, 7.
2	W	Why art thou cast down?— <i>Ps.</i> 42, 5. In the orders and articles of the <i>Charles</i> , 70 tons, Captain Luke Fox, which set sail for the North-West passage towards the South Seas, 7th May, 1631, are these words: "That no man shall speak any despairing words against the good success of the voyage, or make any doubt thereof, either in public or in private, at his mess, or to his watch-mate."
3	TH	The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth.— <i>John</i> 14, 17-26.
4	F	Barnabas, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.— <i>Acts</i> 11, 24.
5	S	Joses, surnamed Barnabas, the son of consolation.— <i>Acts</i> 4, 36.
6	S	He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.— <i>Prov.</i> 28, 13.
7	M	I acknowledge my transgressions.— <i>Ps.</i> 51, 3. "Jan. 17, 1828. I wrote a paper on a supposed error of Laplace"—a great French mathematician—"and just at the end I discovered he was quite right: I folded up the paper and marked it 'A Lesson.'"—Diary of Sir G. B. Airy, afterwards the Astronomer Royal.
8	TU	My sin is ever before me.
9	W	I will be sorry for my sin.— <i>Ps.</i> 38, 18.
10	TH	A wicked woman wipeth her mouth and saith, I have done no wickedness.— <i>Prov.</i> 30, 20.
11	F	Thou has set our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.— <i>Ps.</i> 90, 8.
12	S	To the Lord belong mercies and forgivenesses.— <i>Dan.</i> 9, 9.
13	S	The pulpit of the parish Church of Hanmer, in England, was the gift of a man who had once fired a shot at the minister when he was preaching. On the front of it were three texts: 1. Blessed are they that hear.— <i>Luke</i> 11, 28.
14	M	2. Take heed how ye hear.— <i>Luke</i> 8, 18.
15	TU	3. Be ye doers of the word,
16	W	And not hearers only.— <i>James</i> 1, 22.
17	TH	Inside the pulpit, behind the preacher's head, was the name, JESUS.
18	F	Outside, at the back, were the words: <i>Christus est Agnus Dei</i> , Christ is the Lamb of God,
19	S	<i>Qui tollit peccata mundi</i> , Which taketh away the sin of the world.— <i>John</i> 1, 29.
20	S	Remember the Sabbath day.
21	M	Six days shalt thou labour.— <i>Ex.</i> 20, 9.
22	TU	Skilful to work.— <i>2 Chron.</i> 2, 14.
23	W	They reckoned not with the men; for they dealt faithfully.— <i>2 Kings</i> 12, 15.
24	TH	Not slothful in business. "I do not suppose a day passed, winter or summer, all these three years, in which Amundsen did not go down and caress the <i>Fram's</i> engine, and do something or other for it.—Nansen's Journal.
25	F	Fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.— <i>Rom.</i> 12, 11.
26	S	For the people had a mind to work.— <i>Nehem.</i> 4, 6.
27	S	Ye have made My house a den of thieves.— <i>Matt.</i> 21, 13.
28	M	Judas was a thief.— <i>John</i> 12, 6.
29	TU	The thief is ashamed when he is found.— <i>Jer.</i> 2, 26. In 1631, a New England court fined one Josias Plaistowe £5, for stealing corn from the Indians, and ordered that he be called hereafter "Josias," and not "Mr." as formerly.
30	W	Let him that stole steal no more.— <i>Eph.</i> 4, 28.

July, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 7.



A Blackbird Twenty-five Days Old.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 64.)

At the
age of
97

JEAN, COUNTESS OF ROXBURGH, daughter of the first Marquis of Tweeddale, died on the 22nd January, 1753, in the seventy-first year of her widowhood; her husband, Robert, third Earl of Roxburgh, having been drowned in the *Gloucester* frigate off the Yorkshire coast on the 7th May, 1682. The *Gloucester* was on its way to Scotland with the Duke of York, afterwards James II., on board, when it was run on a sandbank by a mistake of the pilot. James, and as many of his train as could be put into the ship's boat were saved. It was afterwards laid to his charge that on this occasion he took particular care of his strong-box, his dogs, and his Roman Catholic priests, while one of his officers, with a drawn sword, kept off the other passengers. Some yachts that were near at hand sent their boats and picked up a number of the men, including the captain, Sir John Berry, who had stood by his ship to the last like a man, taking his chance with the rest. But no less than a hundred and fifty of the ship's company were lost.

97 THERE died at Nottingham, on the 2nd May, 1894, MRS. HENRY TURNER, who had been a widow for almost seventy-two years, her husband having died in 1822. She was then in her twenty-sixth year. She was a woman of great accomplishments, and for forty-one years afterwards conducted a school for girls.

The longest widowhood, that I know of, of which we have authentic record in any book, is that of ANNA, the prophetess, mentioned in Luke 2, 36-37. Her husband died seven years after their marriage, and for eighty-four years afterwards—see the Revised Version—she lived a lonely life, if indeed one can be called lonely who had such an abiding memory of the companion of her youth and such constant access to the God Whom with fastings and prayers she served night and day. She was, to use Paul's word, a widow "indeed," and her unparalleled devotion has had an unparalleled reward. Her "coal, which was like to be quenched," still burns upon God's altar. Her name, which seemed certain to be forgotten, is remembered for ever. She saved even the memory of her tribe from extinction; had it not been for her, Asher would have had no place in Israel's roll of honour.

98 The "Comfortable Texts" which follow were written a few days ago by a MAIDEN LADY in Ireland, of Scotch extraction, who completes her ninety-eighth year this month. Her father was a relative of Fox Maule, the Lord Panmure of Free Church and Crimean fame, and her family, I believe, is connected with the Gordons of Covenanting story.

M. S. W's comfort the Jews
 Fear not, I am with you be
 not afraid &c
 If you think ye are something
 when ye are nothing &c
 our light affliction but for a
 moment — Weight of glory &c
 In the world ye shall have
 tribulation but be of good cheer,
 "I have overcome the world"
 The same yesterday today and
 for ever

At the
 age of
 98

"Fear not, I am with you, be not afraid." This is perhaps the plainest and most easily understood commandment given to the people of God in all the Bible, and the only one they never think of obeying.

"If ye think ye are something, when ye are nothing, &c." — Gal. 6, 3. A very wonderful text this to find comfort in! And yet does not God tell us about our absolute nothingness, and worse than nothingness, to force us to rest on Christ's all-sufficiency?

M. J. W.



At the
age of
98

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—*2 Cor. 4, 17*. If we can't say either the first or the second clause of that verse, let us try to say the third. Yet the first and second are as true as the third.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer : I have overcome the world."—*John 16, 33*. In 1806, when Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, had been grievously wronged by a bad man, and his congregation was met for prayer, one of the elders used these words: "O Lord, Thou hast said we shall hae persecution in the world, but in Thee we shall hae peace. Noo, Lord, Thou hast been faithful to the first pairt o' Thy promise ; we pray Thee that Thou wouldst fulfil the second pairt to Thy servants."

At the
age of
98

"The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."—*Heb. 13, 8.* When Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, was closing his discourses to the students of the Royal Academy in London, he said, "The last word I wish to be pronounced from this chair is the name—Michael Angelo." So, to the believer, there is one Name above every name; and Christ is the First and the Last.

The lady to whom I am indebted for this communication has kindly allowed me to quote part of a letter written to her by M. I. W. last January. "Had your dear father been still here, he would have been 100 this year. That seems strange, as I can only think of him in the freshness of youth. I am glad he never felt old. The Bible holds it out as a blessing—and so it must be in many ways, 'but to depart is better.'"

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 7.—*Stowaways.*

YOU wish to hear about the Stowaways that were on board the *Trelawney*? All right, I'm at my moorings, both anchors down, and all ready for you.

It was about fifty years ago. I was in the Pilot Cutter *Emma*, with Mr. C., one of its two owners, and three or four pilots on board. We were hove to between Ailsa Craig and the Island of Sanda, cruising about looking for homeward bound ships, when the West India packet *Trelawney*, full-rigged ship, outward bound, signalled us, that is, made signals to us with flags, to come alongside as she had a number of stowaways to send ashore. We at once stood towards her, and on coming alongside, found that they had no less than fourteen on board, large and small. They were all gathered together on the poop, as disreputable looking a crowd as I ever saw in my life—faces all black with lying amongst the coals, and

their clothes torn as well as dirty. The captain made arrangements with Mr. C. to land them, asking him, which I thought very kind, not to put them on an island but on the mainland somewhere. You see the poor creatures had to get home somehow or other, and it is just as hard, to say the least, for a stowaway to get off an island as for any other person. Mr. C. thought it wise to see that they should have something to eat while they were with us; so, like the woman in the parable, only it was but one friend that had come to her and we had fourteen, we asked and got a bag of biscuits, thinking that would keep them going till they got on shore.

We got them transferred safely on board our cutter. It was then getting late in the evening. We at once held a consultation with them as to whether they would prefer to be landed at Corsewall Point or Ballantrae, or take their chance of getting put on board a vessel bound for the Clyde. They all said they would prefer getting a passage if possible, for to be landed at Corsewall would have meant a sixty-mile walk. We were inclined

to help them as much as we could, but of course we could not run away from our station and leave ships which were wishing pilots.

A little after we saw a schooner at a distance which seemed bound for the Clyde, and looked like one of the regular traders which at that time used to bring sand for the foundries in Greenock. The sand that came from Belfast was supposed to be the best for moulders. In half-an-hour we could see that our guess was right. She would carry about 150 tons, and was coming up pretty fast towards us. Unfortunately for us at that time the punt we used for boarding ships from was getting repaired, and we were using a larger one which we had got a loan of from a boat-builder. We had brought the stowaways from the *Trelawney* on board the pilot cutter in two trips, but if we were to get them on to the schooner it would have to be done in one. For, as Mr. C. said to them, it was certain that they would not get a passage if they asked it, and the only thing to do, therefore, was to take it without asking! And this is how he did it.

First of all, he was going to do it all himself. The rest of us, your humble servant included, considered that the boat would be overloaded with so many, and that it was anything but safe to run such a risk, specially as a number of the lads could not swim, and we refused to go. "All right," said Mr. C., who was a very plucky man, "I'll take them myself; I'm a good swimmer,

and if you lads don't sit quiet and do as I tell you, you'll all have an excellent chance of learning." This seemed to cow them all, and they got into the boat and sat as quiet as mice. The schooner was now slipping up quite slowly with a gentle breeze, nobody on deck but the man who was steering, who turned out afterwards to be the captain himself. By this time our small boat, with its fifteen passengers, had pushed off and was right ahead of the schooner, Mr. C. rowing them himself and knowing well how to keep his boat in such a position that the steersman of the schooner could not see it, his sails being so set as to come between him and the boat. Mr. C. slipped his boat quietly in under the schooner's bows and was instantly alongside. Presently we in the pilot cutter heard him roar out, "Jump, you rascals, jump!" and then for a moment or two there was such a row as they scrambled on board. It was certainly a wonder that some of them did not find themselves in the water.

What happened next we didn't know at the time of course, but when we got back to Greenock, being anxious to know how the men got on, I went on board the schooner, saw the captain, and told him all that happened so far as I knew it, and then listened to his story. He was good enough to say he would have done the very same thing himself, but he confessed that he had got a proper fright. He was busy steering and whistling to himself, everything as quiet as could

be, nothing but a cutter in sight some distance off, when all on a sudden he saw a crowd of men, who looked like darkies, coming on board his ship, and rushing aft pell-mell, and where they had come from, or what they meant to do, it puzzled him to imagine. It looked as if they had dropped down from the sky. "I can tell you," he said, "my heart went pit-a-pat for a good while after." He instantly let go the tiller and ran down into his cabin for his double-barrelled gun, and then, coming up, faced the men on deck, saying he was ready to converse with them now. "Where have you come from?" he cried, "and where are you going to?" If it had been in the South Seas he declared he would have fired into the midst of them, for they looked like nothing else but a gang of Malay pirates. I don't wonder, poor man, that he got a fright. It was enough to terrify anybody to see a regiment of darkies come from nowhere, suddenly appearing on board a ship in mid ocean!

The stowaways had been all safely put ashore at Greenock.

It was a common thing then, when a pilot came back, to find quite a number of mothers standing crying on the quay in despair, or coming up to his house to ask if he had seen such or such a boy, giving a description of him. And sometimes the women would be heard asking what pilot it was that had gone away in such a ship, and when he would be back, and what sort of man he was to speak to, for some of the pilots, I am sorry to say, in

those days were not the pleasantest men to meet when they came home. And if one could tell the women that their boys had been seen, and that he was a good captain they were with, and that they would be as well treated and looked after as if they were the captain's own, and that many a stowaway had turned out a good sailor and a fine brave fellow, many a thankful look, and many a "God bless you!" one would get from them.

All the same, I must say that if these boys had known what pain and sorrow they gave their poor mothers, they never would have run away from home as they did.

— — — — —

IT was a long-looked-for Saturday in July, and it had come at last. The children had been afraid it might never come, or that it might come when they were not looking and slip past before they were aware of it. When I say the children, I mean specially the Baxters and the Falconers, who lived in the same street and went to the same school. The Baxter girls were getting new hats for the occasion, the describing of which to their envious school-mates had taken up a good bit of the play time and almost all the school time for the previous two weeks. The Baxter boys forsook rounders and indulged in imaginary dives into the water, and showed all other boys—alike the willing and the unwilling to listen—how they were going to swim when that Saturday came. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were very decent people,



but with no gift of management. When the Friday came, no preparations had been made. They had not even settled where to go; "they would see in the morning when they came down to the quay." It was half-past ten at night when the hats came, to the great relief of the almost distracted mother. The girls had fallen asleep in tears and were still asking pitifully for them in their dreams. The boys had been whipped for breaking a window with their new ball and sent off to bed.

The Falconers, on the other hand, had made everything ready. The baskets had been packed, the bread wrapped in damp towels, the cold meat, the salt—everything was in its place. Their mother, unknown to them, had made a huge "dumpling" to surprise them with as the day went on. Then they had two big bottles cleaned and corked, all ready for filling at the dairy as they passed in the morning. Mr. Falconer had found out where

the sandiest beach on the Clyde was, and had made spades which were spades indeed. Then they had worship, at which they asked God, if it were His will, to give them a good day, and having laid out coals and sticks for the morning's fire, they all lay down and slept. The boys in their excitement had a smart pillow-fight, which their parents laughed at, but the girls spent their last waking moments and some of their sleeping ones exhorting their dolls to be good. In the morning they rose hearty and fresh, put on clothes that would not spoil—only they had spotless white collars—and after a good breakfast, and worship—a little shorter perhaps than usual, but very earnest—set off in good time, got the milk on the way, and found themselves on the steamer with twelve minutes to spare.

Meantime the Baxters, after a hurried meal, had put on their new hats, two of them crying, having

inadvertently nipped themselves with the new elastic. They had but one bottle of milk, with a cork made of newspaper, which they filled before leaving home. Some slices of bread and butter and jelly, and a pitcher to put whelks in, and six hard-boiled eggs—they forgot salt—completed their provision. One of the children had a red "tinnie," with a boy driving a hoop on it, and the words—FOR A GOOD BOY. On the way two of the brothers quarrelled about the ball, and the one who was in the right got a slapping for it. When they reached the quay, their father, after telling them that he had a good mind to go home, took them on board the first boat they came to. It had a bill up—"The whole way for 6d."

The Falconers were as happy as could be the whole way down the river. Their father persuaded one man to throw a bottle of whisky overboard, and got another to promise to come with his family to church next day. The children enjoyed everything they saw, cheering every boat they passed and well-pleased to find that no boat passed theirs. But they liked best to watch the gulls and the pale green and white foam churned up by the paddles at every pier. They had one little shower, during which they crept under a tarpaulin on deck, and sang from under it like birds in a bush, "The boatie rows."

The Baxters meanwhile found themselves in the slowest boat and the dirtiest on all the Clyde. A little after they started, one of the

boys by accident bounced his ball over the ship's side, and was made to sit down on the deck and keep quiet for the rest of the way. The mother spoilt her dress with tar, and beat the eldest girl for it, though the ostensible reason was her having let her sister's doll fall into a pail half full of water.

When they reached their destination and landed on the quay, the delight of the children knew no bounds. Their troubles were all forgotten. The boys were eager for stripping at once and swimming, but their mother quenched their zeal by asking if they wished to be drowned. "Wait till we come to a nice sandy shallow place." So on they marched, but the shore became rockier and rockier, and at last in utter weariness they sat down and took out their bread and milk. But alas! the paper stopper had come out in the boat, and the milk that was left barely half-filled the tinnie. But the motto on it filled it to the brim with misery.

After a time each child was dipped in the salt water six times in rapid succession over the head, being allowed no time either to breathe or shut its eyes, and their cries were very pitiful. One of the girls, too, lost her hat, and her father, trying in vain to rescue it, slipped and skinned his elbow. And one of the boys lost a boot, and another could not find his collar. And there were no whelks, and the cockles were all full of mud. The hard-boiled eggs had not been boiled long enough, and four of them were broken. So the



two-and-a-half hours that were all their slow boat allowed ashore went quickly past in spite of their great misery. They got on board at the

last moment and were consequently stormed at by the purser. Just before they reached Glasgow, one of the boys who had been marvel-

lously cheerful during the journey, incautiously produced a little crab, five-eighths of an inch long, that he had found and hidden in his pocket, and was ordered at once to throw it overboard. "And you'll catch it, my man, when you get home!" So with this pleasing prospect he and the others stepped ashore. The youngest was crying, being half asleep, and other two had tooth-ache, and the one who had lost his boot had cut his feet, and the girl who had lost her hat scratched her sister's face and then began to cry for sorrow at what she had done. And when they reached home the fire was out, and there were no sticks in the house.


Then their father looking round at them said, "Let me never hear any of you asking for a sail again, as long as I live."

Now, I am so sorry for the Baxters and have spent so much time telling about their troubles, that I have no heart to say more than a few words about the Falconers. They had five hours on shore, and in that time the boys had two bathes, and the oldest one learnt to float on his back, by lying perfectly still, as straight and stiff as a poker, with his head thrown as far back as he could manage; and the next oldest actually swam three strokes. The young ones paddled about, and buried one another up to their knees in the sand; and the girls made houses and gardens, with shells for little walls. Then they all built a huge fort with a deep moat round it, and tried to keep out the advancing tide, and cried

with delight when the water swept it all away. A man with a boat, too, took them out in turns, and taught the boys to row; and they fished, and caught five flounders and three little whittings, and a very terrible-looking fish covered all over with jags, which they threw back into the water, the story of whose fearful appearance every friend of the family had to hear afterwards in full detail. And a woman, who had a cottage and had noticed the father asking a blessing on the sea shore, made them tea, and gave them a big bouquet of flowers, and allowed them to go with her own children to pull gooseberries. And then they came home as brown as berries, and after sharing their fish and their flowers with their next-door neighbour, quickly kindled the fire and made tea and had worship—at which two of the little ones fell asleep through weariness; and so to bed. It was hard work rising next morning, but the fresh water revived them, and the flounders were as sweet as could be. Then, as was most fitting, off to church, forenoon and afternoon; and when the minister read about Jonah and the big fish, the boys felt certain they knew all about it.

And on the Tuesday after, the good woman who had entertained them wrote, asking the children to come two by two to spend each of them a week at her house.

And the Baxters? Well, there's the doctor gone along to see them. That's the third visit he has paid in two days.



1	TH	Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 31.</i>
2	F	Jesus was known of them in breaking of bread.— <i>Luke 24, 35.</i>
3	S	Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer.— <i>Ps. 16, 4.</i> Joseph Gurney, the philanthropist, refused to take sugar when he was two years old; he had heard his sister say it was wrong to eat it because it was made by the labour of slaves.
4	S	I am the truth.— <i>John 14, 6.</i>
5	M	The Lord keepeth truth for ever.— <i>Ps. 146, 6.</i>
6	TU	When the Spirit of truth is come, He shall guide you.— <i>John 16, 13.</i>
7	W	Let your speech be Yea, yea; Nay, nay.— <i>Matt. 5, 37 (R. V.).</i>
8	TH	Let your speech be always with grace,
9	F	Seasoned with salt.— <i>Col. 4, 6.</i>
10	S	If the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it (that is, the salt) be salted?— <i>Matt. 5, 13.</i> The late Master of Balliol College, Oxford, spoke often of the sacredness of language. He once shamed a little girl out of her use of the word "awfully" by insisting on giving her a shilling every time he heard her say it.
11	S	Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.— <i>Gen. 3, 19.</i>
12	M	Jezebel painted her face.— <i>2 Kings 9, 30.</i>
13	TU	Absalom weighed the hair of his head.— <i>2 Sam. 14, 26.</i> Henri III. of France, who took part in the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day, 24th August, 1572, used to sleep with raw veal chops on his cheeks, and to cover his hands with pomade, and have them tied up to the top of his bed by silk cords, that they might be white in the morning.
14	W	In vain shalt thou make thyself fair.— <i>Jer. 4, 30.</i>
15	TH	Their beauty shall consume in the grave.— <i>Ps. 49, 14.</i>
16	F	This corruptible must put on incorruption.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 53.</i>
17	S	Christ shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, That it may be conformed to the body of His glory.— <i>Phil. 3, 21 (R. V.).</i>
18	S	He remembereth that we are dust.— <i>Ps. 103, 14.</i>
19	M	Let me know how frail I am.— <i>Ps. 39, 4 (R. V.).</i> "May 20, 1878. At the Queen's party I had a nice black velvet costume, though, as I sat waiting, I did hear this unpleasant truth—'She has been very handsome in her time.'"— <i>Marchioness of Waterford's Letters.</i>
20	TU	Youth and the prime of life are vanity.— <i>Eccles. 11, 10 (R. V.).</i>
21	W	Though our outward man is decaying,
22	TH	Yet our inward man is renewed day by day.— <i>2 Cor. 4, 16.</i>
23	F	He will beautify the meek with salvation.— <i>Ps. 149, 4.</i>
24	S	We shall be like Him — <i>1 John 3, 2.</i>
25	S	Give attendance to reading.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 13.</i>
26	M	Did ye never read in the scriptures?— <i>Mat. 21, 42.</i>
27	TU	Understandest thou what thou readest?— <i>Acts 8, 30.</i>
28	W	The commandment of the Lord is pure,
29	TH	Enlightening the eyes.— <i>Ps. 19, 8.</i> When the camp of Crassus the Roman general was captured, B.C. 53, the Parthian leader said to his soldiers, as he pointed to the bad books that were found in it, "Are you afraid of men who read these?"
30	F	Thy word hath quickened me.— <i>Ps. 119, 50.</i>
31	S	Thy commandments are my delights.— <i>v. 143.</i>

August, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 8.



The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '90, '91, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1889, '92, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

And the Lord smote the Syrians with blindness. . . . And the Lord opened their eyes, and they saw; and, behold, they were in the midst of Samaria.—2 Kings, 6, 18-20.

THE late Dr. M'Cosh, President of Princeton University, U.S.A., had a grand-uncle, a kindly old Ayrshire farmer of whom, as of Philip Henry, it might have been said, "He had room for twelve friends in his beds, for a hundred in his barns, and for a thousand in his heart." Once, when giving a beggar shelter for the night and some blankets to put over him, he asked the man what security he would give that they should not be stolen.

"I give God Almighty as my security," was the answer.

In the morning, as might almost have been expected, the man and the blankets had disappeared.

But that day the mist came down from the hills, and the beggar, losing his way, wandered hither and thither, up and down, till evening came. Arriving at last at a farm house he asked quarters for the night, not recognising it as the house from which he had stolen the blankets in the morning!

Then the old farmer, coming out to him, saluted him, and invited him to stay another night, saying to him, "That was a good Security you gave me."

The news of the adventure soon spread over all that neighbourhood, and though there continued to be much begging, there was no thieving for many a day.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 77.)

At the
age of
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"Now ELI was ninety and eight years old; and his eyes were dim that he could not see. . . . And the messenger said, Israel is fled before the Philistines; and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people; and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas are dead, and the ark of God is taken. And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward, by the side of the gate; and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man and heavy.—1 Sam. 4, 15.

98 Died, July 2nd, 1594, OLD SCARLET, sexton of Peterborough Cathedral, where his monument still stands, bearing these words:

YOU SEE OLD SCARLEIT'S PICTURE STAND ON HIE
BUT AT YOUR FEETE HERE DOTHS HIS BODY LYE



At the
age of
98

HIS GRAVESTONE DOTTH HIS AGE AND DRATHTIME SHOW
HIS OFFICE BY THES TOKENS YOU MAY KNOW
SECOND TO NONE FOR STRENGTH AND STURDYE LIMM
A SCAREHABE MIGHTY VOICE WITH VISAGE GRIM
HEE HAD INTERD TWO QUEENES WITHIN THIS PLACE
AND THIS TOWNES HOUSE HOLDRRS IN HIS LIVES SPACE

At the
age of
98

TWICE OVER ; BUT AT LENGTH HIS OWN TURN CAME
WHAT HEE FOR OTHERS DID FOR HIM THE SAME
WAS DONE ; NO DOUBT HIS SOUL DOTTH LIVE FOR AYE
IN HEAVEN ; THO HERE HIS BODY CLAD IN CLAY.

98 LUIGI CORNARO, a Venetian nobleman, died at Padua in 1566. In his old age he wrote a book, afterwards much read in many languages, "Discourses on Temperate Living," in which he gives the story of his life. He was originally of a delicate constitution, and by the time he had reached manhood his intemperance in eating and drinking and other pleasures had brought on so many disorders that life became a burden to him. From the thirty-fifth to the fortieth year of his age his days and nights were spent in constant suffering. When all other remedies had been tried in vain, and when it became evident to him that the only way to escape the wages of sin was to cease sinning, he began to lead a temperate life. One of the things he resolved to do was to eat and drink less, taking only what nature required. Now and again for a time, he tells us, he went back to the flesh pots of Egypt, but by renewing his vows and keeping them he became a hale man in a year. He went on "subduing the flesh" more and more, till at last the yolk of an egg was often enough for a meal, and a piece of dry bread gave him more enjoyment in eating than the costliest dainties in his youth had done. When he was seventy his horse bolted one day, and he was so badly injured about the head and body that his doctors despaired of his life. But he speedily recovered. When he was seventy-eight, all he took in twenty-four hours was 12-oz., made up of light bread, meat, soup, and his favourite yolk of egg, with 14-oz. of liquid. When he was eighty-three, he could mount a horse without help and go down stairs without concern. He was always merry and always learning. Change of bed never kept him from sleeping. At ninety-one his memory, his tone of voice, his teeth, were all as good as ever. He wrote with his own hand for seven or eight hours every day. The firmness of his voice was specially remarkable. With him "the daughters of music" seem never "to have been brought low." He sang with as much strength and delight as he had done at twenty-five, "chanting like another David the praises of God to the sound of his lyre." To use his own words, it was his hope "to die singing the praises of his Creator, trusting for mercy to the merits of the blood of Jesus Christ."

A favourite saying with him was that it is what one leaves at a meal more than what one eats that does one good. I heard a wise woman once say that one should rise from a meal so hungry that one could eat a ha'penny roll without butter with pleasure. That is a good rule, and the reason for it is this : our food takes a little time to digest after it is eaten, and till it begins to digest we don't get much good from it, just as coals take a little time to kindle after they are put on the fire. If the fire does not warm one all at once, the remedy is not in heaping on more coals—that will only endanger the chimney in a little—but in patience. At meal times, therefore,

At the
age of
98

eat slowly, and talk wisely, thanking first God, and then your mother or whoever else has prepared the meal, and then, as soon as is convenient, wash your teeth that they may be good for eating with, and good for singing with, and good for looking at, till the end of your days.

Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—Ex. 3, 5.

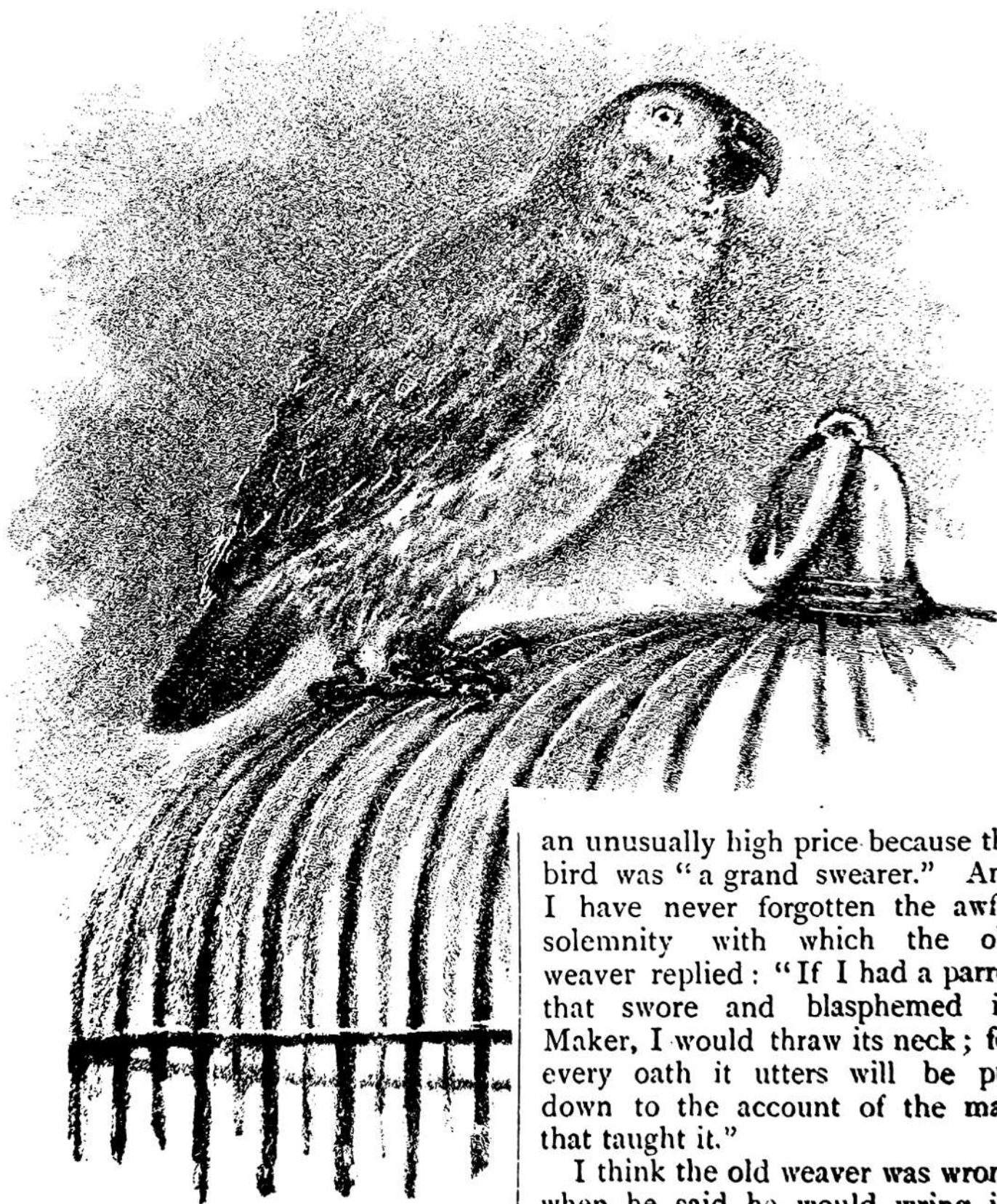
✠ TAKING off one's shoes is a mark of respect and reverence in the East, as taking off one's hat is with us. There is a story in Field-Marshal Lord Roberts' book, *Forty-one Years in India*, which finely illustrates this.

It was in the days of the Indian Mutiny, when many of the natives thought the days of British rule over them were numbered. Brigadier-General John Nicholson was on his way to Delhi where, a few weeks later, he was to win death and undying fame. The city of Jullundur, in the Punjab, was one of those in which the people were wavering, and as Nicholson with his men had to pass through it, he was asked by the British Commissioner there, Major Lake, to meet the chief men of the district at a Durbar, or Assembly.

At the close of the ceremony General Mehtab Sing, one of the chief natives, took his leave and, as senior in rank, was walking out of the room first, when Nicholson stalked to the door, put himself in front of him, and waving him back with an authoritative air, prevented him from leaving the room. The

rest of the company then passed out, and when they were gone, Nicholson said to Lake, "Do you see that General Mehtab Sing has his shoes on?" Lake replied that he had noticed it, but tried to excuse it. Nicholson, however, speaking in Hindustani, said: "There is no possible excuse for such an act of gross impertinence. Mehtab Sing knows perfectly well that he would not dare to step on his own father's carpet save barefooted, and he has only committed this breach of etiquette to day because he thinks we are not in a position to resent the insult, and that he can treat us as he would not have dared to do a month ago." At this Mehtab looked extremely foolish, and stammered some kind of apology. But Nicholson was not to be appeased, and went on. "If I were the last Englishman left in Jullundur, you," addressing Mehtab, "should not come into my room with your boots on." Then, politely turning to Major Lake, he added, "I hope the Commissioner will now allow me to order you to take your shoes off and carry them out in your own hands, so that your followers may witness your discomfiture."

Mehtab, completely cowed, did as he was bid, and the story is told in India to this day.



WHEN I was a boy I once heard a man tell an old weaver about a parrot for sale, whose owner was demanding

an unusually high price because the bird was "a grand swearer." And I have never forgotten the awful solemnity with which the old weaver replied: "If I had a parrot that swore and blasphemed its Maker, I would thraw its neck; for every oath it utters will be put down to the account of the man that taught it."

I think the old weaver was wrong when he said he would wring its neck. Such a parrot should be checked, and if need be punished, every time it said a bad word, and it would soon learn that certain words brought on a whipping,

though of course it could not possibly know why. But the old weaver's reason was a right one. Beasts as well as people may commit sins that shall be laid to the account of those who first led them wrong. Wherefore, deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation.

It is a very awful thing to think of, that, when our Books are opened at the last day, they will be found to contain things done by others which have been laid to our account as well as to theirs. And it should be a comfort to us, on the other hand, to know that whatever good, by God's grace, we may teach or help others to do, though they may not be born for centuries after we are dead, will be reckoned up also amongst our good deeds that we have done.



"Nobody's Enemy but his own."

THAT is what everybody says about a man whom I know, and, worse still, that is what the man says, and I am afraid is beginning to believe, about himself—"I never did any harm to anybody except myself." And there never was a bigger lie.

The man is a joiner, and a capital workman; there couldn't be a better, his master will tell you, *as long as he keeps sober*. It is a pleasure to have him working about a place, he is so willing, so cheery, so neat and inventive, discovering what people wish when they hardly know it themselves. The ap-

prentices all like him, and learn more from him in a week than they would from any other in three months. He would have been a foreman, and perhaps a partner, long ago but for his intemperance.

There could not be a better tenant or a more obliging neighbour, *as long as he keeps sober*. There is not a house in the tenement in which he lives in which some shelf, or press, or cupboard does not bear witness to his ingenuity. Most boys about the place have a barrow, or a windmill, or a kite that he has made for them; and the girls have dolls' houses.

But every two months or so he "forgets himself," as people say, that is, he forgets his master and his fellow-workmen, and his neighbours, and his own wife and children, and his godly father and mother, and all who went before him, and all who are to come after him, he forgets time and eternity, and he forgets God. For three days he is restless and excited, and his poor wife labours, by kindness to him and prayer to God, to keep him this time from sin. Four days he drinks, taking no food all the time, pawning his clothes, keeping the lowest company. His children stand listening at public-house windows trying to find out where he is. His wife sits at home with a beating heart, trembling every time there is a footstep on the stair. On the Sabbath morning he comes home between two and three and flings himself on his bed, and there he lies like a log, while his wife and children can only gaze at the fire,

not daring to speak lest they should waken him. They hear the bells ring, and they see their neighbours and companions going to church and coming back, and going and coming again, but there is no house of God for them to-day. It will be Thursday before he is fit for work, and all Monday, and all Tuesday, he will be sitting at the fire with cold clammy hands. The older children steal out and in, afraid and ashamed to look him in the face, though the younger ones climb on his knee and kiss him to make the cuts on his head better.

"Ay, it's a great pity, a fine man, nobody's enemy but his own."

Nobody's enemy! and his master has to disappoint customers, and his fellow-workmen are kept waiting, and the apprentices are learning to joke about drink, and to drink themselves, and his own eldest boy, they tell me, looks as though he would go the same road, and his wife, still under forty, looks fifty, and is really sixty, with grey hair and thin cheeks and a broken heart. And people who have only dealings with him when he is sober say—"Yes, he takes a glass occasionally, but he is as fine a fellow as ever lived" and young people who hear that imagine that drinking is not only not a crime, but that somehow or other it is closely allied to virtue.

How much harm that man is doing God only knows. In a hundred ways every week he is planting the seeds of evil, and these will multiply themselves again on every side beyond the power of human comprehension. Genera-

tions yet unborn will rise up and curse him.

He says he doesn't see that, but a man who shuts his eyes will not see anything. He still maintains that he never did any harm to anybody but himself. I suppose he can only mean by that that he never killed or stabbed anybody, or picked anyone's pocket. I told him the other day of a thing that he had done. He had emptied a bottle of whisky, and then smashed it on the street. It was the day after the schools were closed, and a big bit of the glass went into a boy's foot. So deep is the cut that it will be some weeks before the wound is healed. I thought that would have touched him a little, but he only laughed at me. "Every boy has to get his feet cut some time or other." "Well," I said, "supposing that to be so, and that it must needs be that occasions of stumbling come, woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh, and woe especially to him that shall cause one of these little ones to stumble. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

—●—

*But there is forgiveness with Thee.—Ps.
130, 4.*

DURING the Crimean War, when the late Admiral Lord Clarence Paget was commanding one of the men-of-war in the Baltic, a marine named Dudley was brought before him for some offence. The man was considered incorrigible, and the captain, having found

him guilty, determined to flog him. But having noticed during the examination that the prisoner seemed to have a fixed idea in his head that every man's hand was against him, he changed his mind and resolved to try for once what kindness could do. He forgave him, accordingly, and ordered the officers and non-commissioned officers to treat him as if he had never been guilty of any offence whatever. Some weeks after, when cholera attacked the fleet, the surgeon reported that, during the epidemic, Dudley had been his right hand man, attending the dying night and day, and working so hard that he was afraid he might succumb to over-exertion.

Lord Clarence Paget was so touched when he heard the story, that he resolved to have Dudley called up on deck next day and publicly thanked for his courage and devotion. But alas, when the doctor brought him his report next morning of the state of the ship's health, the name of poor Dudley appeared on the list of those who had died during the night.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

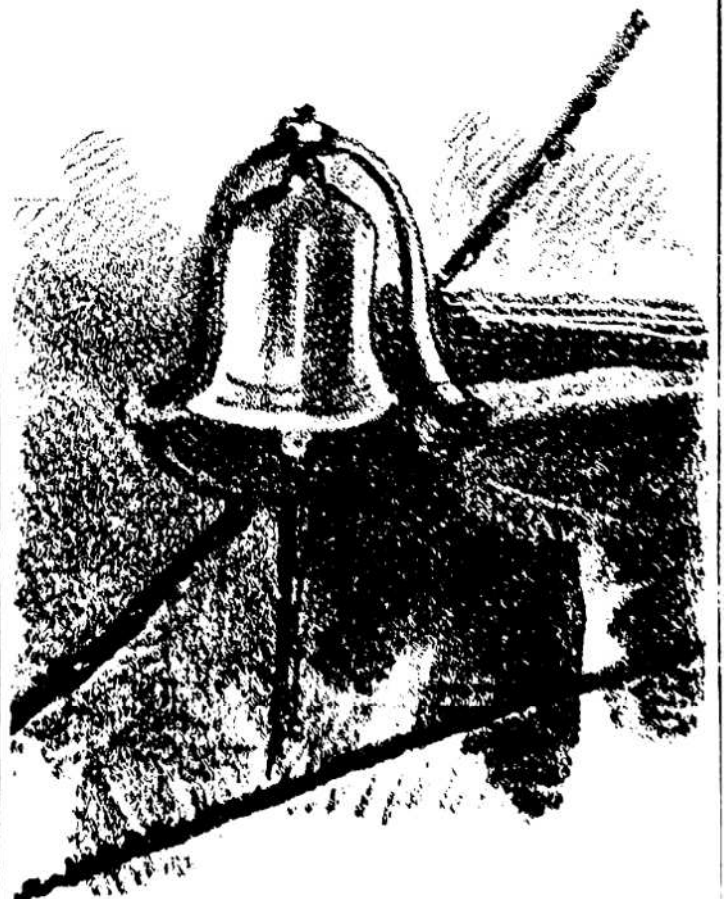
SECOND SERIES.

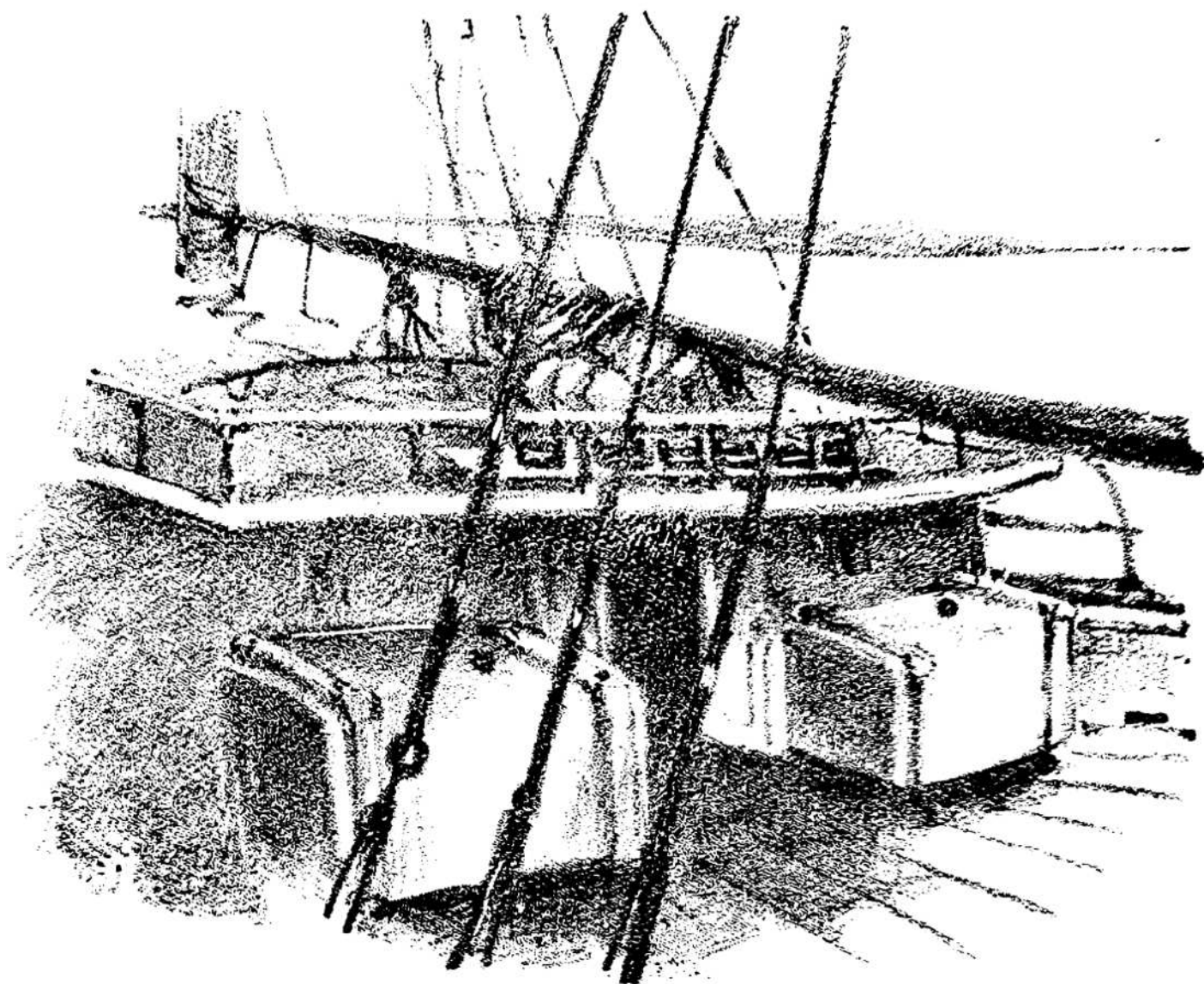
No. 8.—Fresh Water at Sea.

*Neither say they in their heart, Let us now
fear the Lord our God, That giveth
ruin.—Jer. 5, 24. Ps. 147, 8.*

SHIPS which go long voyages are required by law to carry a six months' supply of fresh water. It is generally kept, and best kept, in tanks, though there

are often two or more big casks or puncheons kept full on deck besides. The tanks are long and narrow, and the top of them reaches pretty near the upper or main deck. The opening to it is a brass plug on deck which has to be screwed out before the pump is fitted in. It is generally the second or third mate, but sometimes the carpenter, who does this. He comes along at four o'clock, the hour at which, you will remember, the first of the two dog-watches, which last only two hours each, begins. It is the watch which is below at the time, not the working watch, which gets the water. It is "Peggy" who comes for it, Peggy being the name given to the man whose week it is to tidy up the forecabin, that is, the place where the sailors live. He is in fact the





domestic servant for the week, and that is how he gets his name. If there are eight sailors in the fore-castle, then there are two Peggies. Peggy's first duty in the morning is to go to the cook's galley at seven bells, that is, at seven o'clock. At 7.20 the watch below are up and at breakfast. The other watch breakfast at eight o'clock, when they leave the deck. Dinner is at 11.20 and 12; and tea at 5 and 6. Peggy goes for the food, brings it along, and then takes back the empty dishes. It is the cook who washes them. When it is a case of washing the fore-castle, which is done once a

week, everybody in the watch has to help.

Well, at 4 o'clock Peggy comes for the fore-castle water. He gets the water for both watches. Three quarts is each man's daily allowance, that is, about twelve teacupfuls; though, if water be plentiful, four quarts, or one gallon, may be given. That amount of water has to serve him for drinking, cooking, and washing. The water is divided into two portions: one goes to the cook, who tells Peggy how many buckets—one bucket holds about two gallons—he will need for cooking, that is, for the soup, tea, coffee,

etc. That will generally take up fully a half of each man's supply. The half that is over is taken to the forecask, and put in a tank or little cask for drinking, etc. A tin dipper, fastened by a string, is usually left in the bung hole. Sometimes you will see a big cask on deck with a dipper for the use of the men. I have heard it said, too, that in some American ships the cask is on deck, but the dipper is kept in the main-top, that is, the little platform at the top of the mainmast, so that if a man wishes a drink he has to run up the rigging for the dipper, and then up again when he is done, and that keeps them from drinking unless they are really very thirsty.

Who draws the water for the captain and officers? Oh, the steward does that; and the cook draws his own supply and Dennis', or the pig's, too.

You will easily see from this that there won't be much left for washing either one's face or one's clothes with at sea. Indeed, a sailor will tell you that he doesn't need to wash his face at sea. Why should he? There's nothing to dirty it — no public works, no soot, no smoke, and the air is as pure as God makes it. He has, of course, a good wash down now and again, but a rub with the end of a swab, that is, a mop made of rope-yarn, dipped in salt water, will do for his face if it really needs it. But he is very chary about using sea-water as that would spoil his towels. When rain falls every available cask or tub is got ready; a sail is stretched across the deck and a slit made in the seam

just over the tub, and then on the Saturday night there will be a grand washing of clothes. Yes, a good sailor has a good supply of clothes, flannel shirts, drawers, semmits, socks, and these must all be washed. He needs a lot of caps too. I have known a lad use nine or ten in the course of a voyage. You see they get blown away, or a bit of the rigging or the flapping of the sails knocks them off. His hands are both occupied, and he can't spare one for his headgear. And if he doesn't lose a cap himself, one of his comrades may, and what sailor would have two in his chest and see another go bareheaded?

A sailor has always plenty to do, both to keep his ship and himself right, and that's why the men don't like being "Peggy;" they get no time at the dog-watches for themselves.

You landsmen don't know the value of water. To the sailor it is one of God's greatest gifts, and not one drop of it is wasted. The captain has to buy it to fill his tanks before he leaves a port. At Melbourne, for instance, he pays about three shillings for 1,000 gallons, at San Francisco about two, while there are places in Chile where rain never falls for years and years, to which therefore all the water supply has to be carried from a distance, where four cents per gallon must be paid. But here in Greenock every man, woman, and child gets about eighty gallons per day, and all for a few shillings in the year!

1	S	I rejoice in my sufferings.— <i>Col. 1, 24.</i> When I was young I dreamed that sweets are sweet, But now I deem some searching bitters are Sweeter than sweets, and more refreshing far.— <i>C. Rossetti.</i>
2	M	Ye shall drink indeed of my cup.— <i>Matt. 20, 23.</i>
3	TU	We have the mind of Christ.— <i>1 Cor. 2, 16.</i>
4	W	Your companion in the patience of Jesus Christ.— <i>Rev. 1, 9.</i>
5	TH	Let him take up his cross and follow Me.— <i>Matt. 16, 24.</i>
6	F	I am crucified with Christ.— <i>Gal. 2, 20.</i>
7	S	The love of Christ constraineth us.— <i>2 Cor. 5, 14.</i>
8	S	When Thomas Boston of the <i>Fourfold State</i> was licensed, June, 1697, he began his preaching, he tells us, in a rousing strain, and would fain have set fire to the devil's nest. His 1st text was <i>Ps. 50, 22</i> : Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces.
9	M	His 2nd was: Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.— <i>Matt. 7, 21.</i>
10	TU	His 3rd. Ephraim is an unwise son.— <i>Hos. 13, 13.</i>
11	W	His 4th. I kept silence . . . but I will reprove thee.— <i>Ps. 50, 21.</i>
12	TH	His 5th. Set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh, and that cry, for all the abominations that be done in the midst of Jerusalem.— <i>Ezek. 9, 4.</i>
13	F	His 6th. He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.— <i>Prov. 29, 1.</i>
14	S	His 7th. Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?— <i>Matt. 3, 7.</i>
15	S	Mr. Boston having told a minister, a Mr. Dysert, of the strain of preaching he was following, received this answer: "But if you were entered on preaching of Christ, you would find it very pleasant." His next texts, accordingly, were from <i>Is. 61, 1</i> and <i>1 Peter 2, 7</i> . The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me;
16	M	Because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek:
17	TU	He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted;
18	W	To proclaim liberty to the captives,
19	TH	And the opening of the prison to them that are bound;
20	F	To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.
21	S	Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.— <i>1 Peter 2, 7.</i> This was Mr. Spurgeon's first text.
22	S	I seek not Mine own will.— <i>John 5, 30.</i>
23	M	Thy will be done.— <i>Matt. 26, 42.</i> When Jowett of Oxford's sister was seized with paralysis, she wrote on a piece of paper these words: "Make not my will to be Thine, but Thy will to be mine, O God."
24	TU	Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord.— <i>Ps. 119, 65.</i>
25	W	He doth not afflict willingly.— <i>Lam. 3, 33.</i>
26	TH	As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.— <i>Rev. 3, 19.</i>
27	F	Thou, O God, hast tried us, as silver is tried.— <i>Ps. 66, 10.</i>
28	S	Purified and made white.— <i>Dan. 12, 10.</i>
29	S	As for you, ye meant evil against me;
30	M	But God meant it for good.— <i>Gen. 50, 20 (R. V.)</i>
31	TU	God commanded the light to shine out of darkness.— <i>2 Cor. 4, 6.</i> "Even your woodland squirrel sees the nut behind the shell."— <i>Tennyson.</i>

September, 1897.

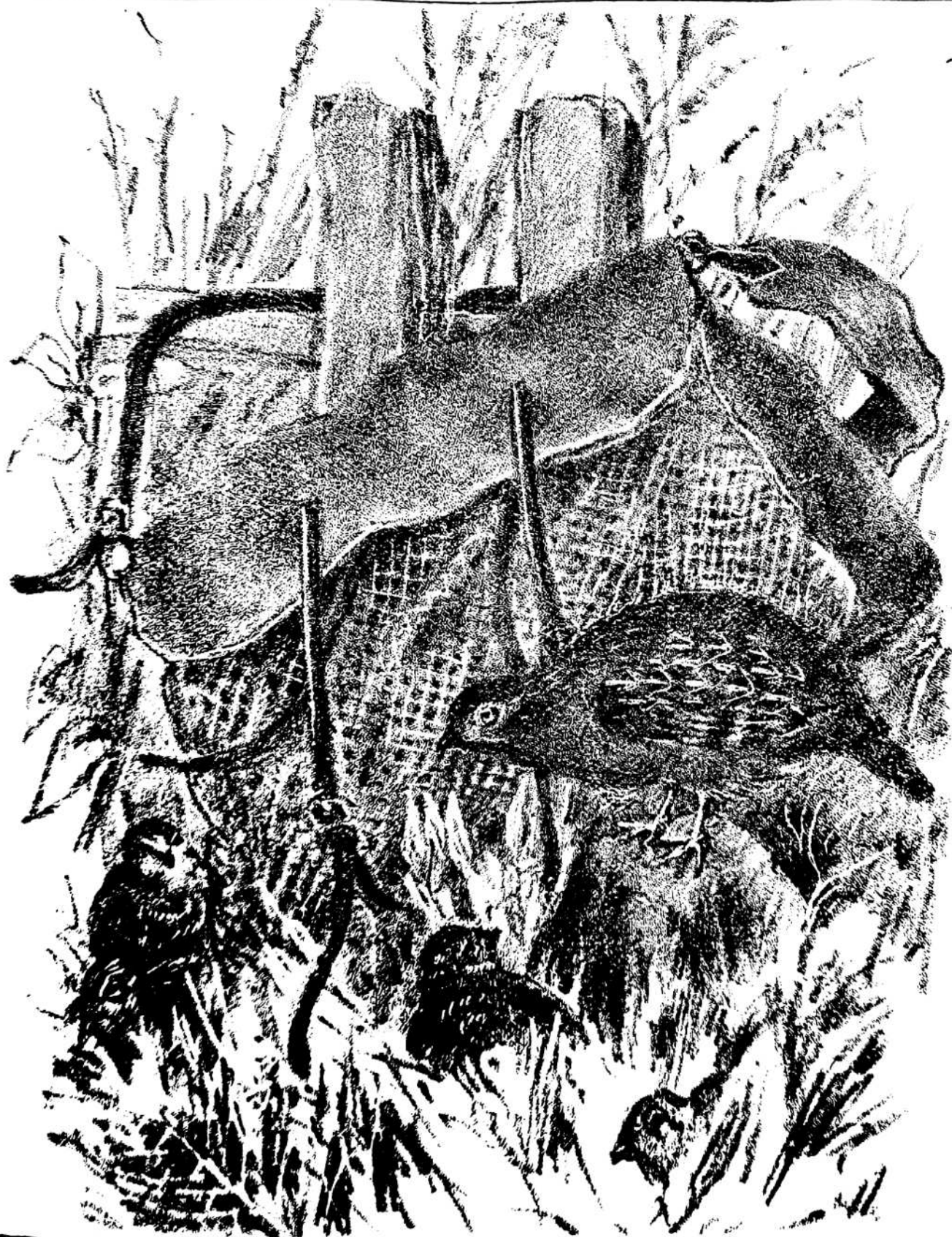
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.



The Keeper Caught.

THE gamekeeper and his young assistant had been out all night watching. It had been a backward season, and August was not yet past, but some English poacher-looking men had been seen about. With one thing and another it was well on in the morning before he set out for home. It was half-past seven when he passed through the village that lay two miles from his house. He was wet and cold, and foolishly determined to get some drink to warm himself. The public-house did not open, of course, till eight o'clock, so he had some time to wait. And of all the sad sights in our land there are few sadder than that of a man hanging about a publican's door till it opens.

The keeper and his lad were whiling away the time talking of what had happened during the night and early in the morning. "I saw one comical sight," he was saying. "I had hung my bag over a paling and gone off to look at the young pheasants, and when I came back, there was a partridge, with a lot of young ones, all looking earnestly at the bag. I couldn't help thinking they were asking her

what sort of thing it was, and I suppose she couldn't tell them. And I said to myself, "Stupid creatures, you'll find out to your cost before long what that bag's for! If you knew as much as you will in a few days, you would know you were standing on pretty dangerous ground!"

Just as he said this, the village clock struck the third quarter of the hour, and at that moment the Holy Ghost, Who has promised to parents to bring things to their children's remembrance at the right moment, made the keeper's lad remember what his mother had said to him about drinking when he left his father's house six weeks before. "What are you looking so glum for?" said the keeper. "I was thinking," said the lad, "that if the birds were on dangerous ground when they were looking at a bag that won't open for them for four days yet at the soonest, I'm on more dangerous ground standing waiting for a public-house to open in a quarter of an hour. I made a promise to my mother never to enter one, and I'm off." "Man," said the keeper, "I don't know but you're right! I'll go with you."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 89.)

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MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL died, 9th January, 1848. She was the woman who swept the roof of her house, that is, the heavens, so diligently with her telescope that she found eight comets. Her epitaph, which was written by herself, begins with these words—

"Hier ruhet die irdische Hülle von Carolina Herschel": "Here rests the earthly outer-covering of Caroline Herschel."

Dr. Routh.



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DR. MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH died at Magdalen, Oxford, in 1854. He had been connected with that College for eighty-three years, and was its president for sixty-four. As a child he was delicate, and his mother had much difficulty in rearing him. Yet when he was well over ninety he could walk six miles and mount his library steps. He was a good man, and a lover of dogs. So fond was he of them that, when he was told that the authorities were going to enforce their order to expel all dogs from College, he said, "Then, sir, I suppose I must call mine--cats!" He was a scholar, and so accurate in his ways that he would write letters and ask advice about the placing of a comma in a sentence. He would accept no quotation at second-hand. "Always verify your references, sir!" was his answer to one who asked him to tell him one of the great things he had learned in his

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long life. Yet he died without signing his will. He had postponed the writing of it to the last month of the last year of his life. The draft was returned by his lawyer only two days before he died, and Dr. Routh was heard repeatedly asking for "pen and ink" when it was too late. His friends accordingly got what he had meant to give to charitable institutions.

Dean Burgon, in his "Lives of Twelve Good Men," tells us that he once asked Dr. Routh the best books to read if one wished to study theology. "I think, sir," was the answer, "were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel according to Matthew. And after I had read the Gospel according to Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read the Gospel according to—Mark": and so on till he had named, as slowly and deliberately, one by one, the remaining books of the New Testament.

His last words, addressed to the woman who nursed him, who was wishing to make him a little more comfortable, were, "Don't trouble yourself."

A Day's Work in a Godly Household.

(A Bible Class Exercise; done by a Girl.)

GETTING UP.	She riseth also while it is yet night. . . . It is high time to awake out of sleep.	Prov. 31, 15. Rom. 13, 11.
PREPARING BREAKFAST.	The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes. . . . Bring meal and cast it into the pot and pour out. . . . On the table they shall spread a cloth, and put thereon the dishes, and the spoons, and the bowls, and covers, to cover withal. . . . She gave milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. . . . Sit down to meat. . . . Thy children like olive plants round about thy table. . . . He took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all. . . . And they began to be merry.	Jer. 7, 18. 2 Kings 4, 41. Num. 4, 7.
FAMILY WORSHIP.	O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. . . . Let us sing to the Lord.	Judg. 5, 25. Luke 17, 7. Ps. 128, 3. Acts 27, 35. Luke 15, 24. Ps. 95, 6. Ps. 95, 1.
THE FAMILY SEPARATE.	Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the evening. . . . They send forth their little ones like a flock. . . . In robes with needle wrought. . . . Durable clothing. . . . In the school of one Tyrannus.	Ps. 104, 23. Job 21, 11. Ps. 45, 14. Isaiah 23, 18. Acts 19, 9.
MOTHER'S WORK.	She looketh well to the ways of her household. . . . She tarried at home. . . . Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost. . . . The dogs eat of the crumbs. . . . The washing	Prov. 31, 27. Ps. 68, 12. John 6, 12. Matt. 15, 27. Mark 7, 4.

of cups. . . . Cleanse first that which is within the cup
and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.
. . . . Wiping a dish, and turning it upside down. . . .
The washing of pots and tables. . . . The pot shall be
both scoured, and rinsed in water.

Makest a dinner. . . . Set on the great pot. . . .

GETTING DINNER READY. Put broth in the pot. . . . They
cleansed . . . swept and garnished . . .
the chambers. . . . Sweep the house.

. . . . Thoroughly purge the floor. . . . Make all his
bed. . . . All things done decently and in order.

. . . . I have prepared the house. . . . Prepared
my dinner. Preparest a table. . . . All things are
ready. . . . She eateth not the bread of idleness.
The workman is worthy of his meat. . . . Thy
children shall make haste.

The dust of the city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off.
HANDS CLEAN. . . . Eat such things as are set before
you. . . . With gladness and singleness
of heart. . . . In honour preferring one another.

Set in order the things that are to be set in order. A
time to sew. . . . The day draweth towards
AFTERNOON. evening.

Set the bread in order upon the table. . . . They return
at evening. . . . Go ye out to meet him.

TEA-TIME. . . . Their children dance. . . . Give
bread unto men that are weary. . . . Children ask
bread. . . . We be hungry. . . . Filled the hungry
with good things. . . . Boys and girls playing in the
streets. . . . The day is far spent. . . . They went
away again unto their own home.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her
hands. . . . They talked
MOTHER MENDS AND DARNS; between themselves. . . .
FATHER LEADS THE CONVERSATION. He was the chief speaker

ALL IN. Let them shut the doors and bar them.

WORSHIP. In dwellings of the righteous
Is heard the melody
Of joy and health.

EARLY TO BED. It is vain for you that ye rise up early and so
late take rest; for so He giveth His beloved
sleep.

Matt. 23, 26.

2 Kings 21, 13.
Mark 7, 4.
Lev. 6, 28.

Luke 14, 12.
2 Kings 4, 38.
Judges 6, 19.
Luke 11, 25.
Neh. 13, 9.
Luke 15, 8.
Matt. 3, 12.
Ps. 41, 3.
1 Cor. 14, 40.
Gen. 24, 31.
Matt. 22, 4.
Ps. 23, 5.
Matt. 22, 4.
Prov. 31, 27.
Matt. 10, 10.
Isa. 49, 17.

Luke 10, 11.
Luke 10, 8.
Acts 2, 46.
Rom. 12, 10.

Ex. 40, 4.
Eccles. 3, 7.
Judges 19, 9.

Ex. 40, 23.
Ps. 59, 6.
Matt. 25, 6.
Job 21, 11.
Judges 8, 15.
Lam. 4, 4.
2 Kings 7, 12.
Luke 1, 53.
Zech. 8, 5.
Luke 24, 29.
John 20, 10.

Prov. 31, 13.
Acts 26, 31.

Acts 14, 12.
Neh. 7, 3.
Ps. 118, 15.

Ps. 127, 2.
R.V.

WHEN a man cuts grain with a scythe, the scythe has two things to do. It cuts a swathe of grain about six feet wide and from twelve to eighteen inches deep. That is what the blade does, and the grain that is cut half stands and half falls down just where it was when it was growing. But the elbow of the scythe, that is the corner where the blade joins the wooden handle, catches the grain that was cut in the *previous* swathe, and leaves it at the side in a little bundle. A good mower would need three people to help him; a woman, called a lifter or buncher, to lift the little bundles and lay them across the straps which the boy or girl, called a strapper, has made out of a wisp of the fallen grain; and thirdly, a bandster or stooker—

“Whose work is sheaves to bind.”

He ties the straps round the sheaves and puts the sheaves into stooks, and he has quite enough to do, they tell me. With a good, well-sharpened scythe, and a nice breeze blowing in the direction in which the scythe goes, a mower could do from sixty to ninety yards with one sharpening, grain being more easily mown than grass. As with razors, so with scythes, some men can put on a much finer edge than others. A bad reaper, however, as is well known, always has a bad hook.

You will notice that the man in the picture is cutting with the point of the scythe *away* from the standing grain. That is done sometimes when the stalks have been beaten down and twisted by wind and rain. It is done sometimes, too, when

there are few hands to help. The bundles that each swathe makes are left outside, away from the standing corn, so that the mower can go on even though the bundles have not been lifted. But it is wiser to have reapers and lifters and stokers all working together, keeping up with one another; and as a rule it is better to cut the opposite way from that shown in the picture, that is, the point of the scythe should be *towards* the standing crop.

Now, the next time you are watching reapers, remember our Lord's words, “The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels;” and when you think of the tares that are gathered into bundles and burnt, ask Him to bind you up in the bundle of life.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 9.—*Running the Blockade.*

THE year 1870 will long be remembered in the West of Scotland for its dense fogs and heavy snowstorms. It was a dark year, from another point of view, for the whole of Europe, for there was war between France and Prussia.

There were then lying in the Albert Harbour, Greenock, two steamers built for the North German Lloyd Company by Caird & Co., manned, and ready for sea, and there was a French spy, a man whose speech and action had soon betrayed him, who had come to our town to keep a lookout on their movements. The Germans were beginning to be afraid that Britain



might come to the help of the French, in which case the ships would have had to set off within so many hours, or submit to capture. The steamers were called the King William and the Köln. The captain of the Köln got orders to proceed at once to Bremerhaven, a town in Hanover, at the mouth of the river Weser, failing that, to some port in

the East of England. As he needed a pilot he sent for me. "When can you be ready?" was the first question he asked. "I'm ready now," I said, "a pilot's always ready." "Very well, I shall send one of my men for your clothes, you will require plenty of them this stormy weather."

In less than an hour we were going down the channel full speed.

The captain then told me that his instructions were to proceed round the North of Scotland, as the English Channel was full of French men-of-war. He had been unwilling to tell me this before, for fear I might not care to take it in hand, the weather being particularly rough and stormy, with snow and fog. I had taken a good many ships for the same Company from the Clyde, and I knew it was their rule to send them round by the South of England during the winter months. So, when I heard we were to go up by the Western Highlands, I said, "Captain, that increases our responsibility a good deal." "Lothse," he replied—that's the German for pilot, you know, "Lothse, we must try it, and I haven't a doubt that you'll succeed."

After leaving the Cumbraes we had the handleads and the deepsea lead all ready, and we set the patent log. It was snowing thick and nasty. "Let us have an officer on the watch on the fore-castle head along with the lookout man," I said, "and we'll do nicely." Then the captain said, "Well, Lothse, I have now a duty to perform towards yourself, and that is, to make you as comfortable on the bridge as I possibly can, for you are now our guardian angel."

"Captain," I said, "I'm not very angelic looking with my oilskins and sou'-wester, but I'll do my best." "Lothse," he added, "I've arranged with the steward to have hot tea, coffee, cocoa, and bouillon," that is, strong beef tea, "ready for you at any time you want it. There is a speaking tube from the bridge down to the steward's pantry, and the steward

can be on the bridge in two minutes with anything you want."

It was now about 12 o'clock at night, snowing thick, and we were looking for the Macarthur Head Light at the entrance to the Sound of Islay, when all of a sudden we ran close up to a vessel at anchor, almost getting foul of her, never expecting to find a ship anchored in such a place as that. We had heard before we left Greenock that a French man-of-war was cruising among the islands, and we were both strongly of opinion, from what we saw of her, that this was the Frenchman, but we weren't inquisitive, and we asked no questions and made no delay. Our course was through the Sound of Islay now and we just let the Frenchman stay where he was. Then, all in a moment, it cleared up and it ceased snowing. "Do you think he will follow us?" the captain said. "If he attempts to follow us through the Sound of Islay," I said, "he'll knock a hole in the bottom of his ship, or stick on some of the outlying points, for the navigation here is very intricate and there are many sunken rocks. Put the helm hard-a-starboard, and we'll get clear of her at once." I felt very grateful when it cleared up and we could see the snow-covered hills on each side. No one can form any idea of the anxious mind a sailor has in such circumstances. Long before daylight we were through the Sound of Mull, past Tobermory, Ardnamurchan, and as daylight was coming in we went through the Sound of Kyle Akin or Narrows of Skye, then round Rudh Re, Rhu Stoer, up to Cape Wrath, through

the Pentland Firth, and so fairly out into the North Sea. From Pentland Skerries to Peterhead we had a clear run of about ninety miles. The captain now kindly gave me a spell on the bridge, relieving me for four hours. I enjoyed these four hours immensely and slept soundly, and prepared myself for a long spell on deck. Abreast of Peterhead we shaped our course for Borecomb Bank close by the entrance to the Weser. But when abreast of Grimsby we spied the French frigate *Neve* lying with her guns out and her fires banked. "Lothse," said the captain, "we must run for Grimsby, the nighest port. Do you think she will catch us?" "No fear of that," was my answer. Let us get the best firemen, and the best helmsman to the wheel, and plenty of coals. Let me tell you that I have been pilot of that same frigate and I know her well. I took her some years ago from Waterford to the Clyde, and then—she was getting some machinery for Brest harbour at the time—from Glasgow to Brest and back again, three or four times. She won't catch us." I remember a curious thing about that French ship; her captain and first lieutenant were both Protestants.

In a very short time we left her behind, and got safely into Grimsby.

I left Grimsby by the first train for Greenock, the captain having telegraphed to the captain of the *King William* that I had left and should be home by eight at night.

When I got home I found the second mate waiting at the station for me with a sailor to carry my

clothes down. "Lothse," he said, "the captain has steam up, and he is lying outside Albert Harbour waiting for you." We were alongside the *King William* in a few minutes. "Lothse," said the captain, "Bremerhaven, or a French prison!"

"You don't give me much time to think about it," I said.

"No," he replied, "you said you were always ready, and I want to put you to the test." So I went on to the bridge along with him. "Engines all ready?" "All ready, sir." "Stand by and let go your line. Turn ahead slow. Half-speed. Full speed;" and we were off.

When we got out to sea, we soon so altered the ship's appearance with paint and canvas that the French spy would not have known her if he had seen her. How did we escape the French spy? Oh, we were away the first time before he knew it, but the second time, I forgot to tell you, he saw me stepping out of the cab. "Where vas you going, Mr. Lee?" "I'll tell you when I come back."

You think it must have taken us a long time to disguise the ship? Oh no! You see we put strips of canvas down on the deck and painted them blue and red, and then nailed the blue strips on one side of the ship, and the red on the other. Then we painted the funnel, and fastened a bit of canvas on the stern over the ship's name, with the words on it, *KING WILLIAM, LONDON*.

Well, after we set off, the weather cleared up beautifully. We could see the North Star and got bearings

to correct our compass frequently. That was a great boon to us. In due course we got through all the Sounds and the Pentland Firth, and so made for Bremerhaven, regulating our speed so as to be at the entrance to the harbour an hour after dark. On arriving there we saw a great number of French ships betwixt the entrance to the Elbe and the Weser. They had all their lights burning, but we had all ours out, the binacle covered up, with just enough light to let the man see to steer by. What increased our difficulty was the fact that the buoys had all been taken away and the lightships shifted. We had to crawl away inshore of the fleet for some miles, groping our way with the lead, stopping and backing, porting and starboarding. We passed an anxious night, but at daylight we were so far up the river as to be amongst the torpedoes that had been laid down for the defence of the port, afraid to go further. Two little screws came down with pilots aboard, but when they were within speaking distance they ran away again. They were afraid the French had captured the King William and were wishing to catch hold of some of the pilots. After a time, however, they came alongside, and so we got safely up into harbour, and docked.

I assure you it was a very hearty prayer of thanksgiving that we offered up when we got safely past the French fleet. We made as little noise as possible, but I don't think we could have got past a British fleet in such circumstances. Our ship would have been a prize worth

taking, her value being, I should say, at least £90,000.

The kindness of the Köln's captain to me recalls an incident that happened in another of that Company's steamers. She was on her way one cold rough night from the Clyde to the Weser. A full crew had been sent to get her ready for immediate despatch to America, as a large complement of passengers were waiting for her at Bremerhaven. At midnight the captain spoke several times through the tube to the steward's pantry, but got no answer. "Send for the chief steward." When he came, the captain said, "How many stewards have you on board?" "Sixteen, sir." "Turn them out on deck instantly." When they appeared the captain said, "There are sixteen of you gentlemen on board, and not one of you on watch to make a cup of coffee for the men who have all the responsibility of the ship on their heads. Get on to the top of that deckhouse aft, the whole lot of you, and stay there till eight bells, and then come and report yourselves to me before you go below." So there they had to stay for four hours, with nothing between them and the wind and rain but a brass rail; they might as well have been on the top of a steeple. At four o'clock, when they reported themselves, all chattering and shivering, the captain said to them, "Gentlemen, would a cup of coffee do *you* any good now? If this happens a second time, you'll never sail again, either in this ship or in any other of the Company's."

You remember how kind our

Lord was to the disciples that morning after they had been fishing all night and had caught nothing. He not only gave them a great draught of fishes, but as soon as they came to land, they found that He had made ready a fire of coals for

them, and there was fish laid thereon and bread.

What became of the Köln? She had to remain in Grimsby for a number of weeks, and by the time she got over to Germany things in France had taken a new turn.



Flower of the Potato Plant.

1	W	And sitting down they watched Him there.— <i>Matt. 28, 36.</i>
2	TH	The centurion, which stood over against Him, said, Truly this Man was the Son of God.— <i>Mark 15, 39.</i>
3	F	We shall be like Him.— <i>1 John 3, 2.</i>
4	S	I am a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed.— <i>1 Peter 5, 1.</i> Thomas Boston, being afraid of paralysis, once prayed God that, if the power of his tongue were taken away from him when he was dying, his countenance might speak to His glory.
5	S	Judas the traitor.— <i>Luke 6, 16.</i> Our beloved brother Paul.— <i>2 Peter 3, 15.</i>
6	M	Judas was a thief.— <i>John 12, 6.</i> I Paul was a blasphemer.— <i>1 Tim. 1, 13.</i>
7	TU	The priests covenanted with Judas.— <i>Matt. 26, 15.</i> Paul went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters.— <i>Acts 9, 1.</i>
8	W	Jesus said unto Judas, Friend, wherefore art thou come?— <i>Matt. 26, 50.</i> Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?— <i>Acts 9, 4.</i>
9	TH	Judas said, I have sinned.— <i>Matt. 27, 4.</i> Saul, trembling and astonished.— <i>Acts 9, 6.</i>
10	F	Judas went and hanged himself.— <i>Matt. 27, 5.</i> Saul said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?— <i>Acts 9, 6.</i>
11	S	Judas fell, that he might go to his own place.— <i>Acts 1, 25.</i> There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 8.</i> By the grace of God I am what I am.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 10.</i>
12	S	Come unto the marriage.— <i>Matt. 22, 4.</i> The Greek poet Pindar's idea of the highest felicity was an old man with a foaming wine-cup in his hand at his child's wedding.
13	M	Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.— <i>Rev. 19, 9.</i>
14	TU	I rejoiced that I found of thy children walking in truth.— <i>2 John 4.</i>
15	W	A wise son maketh a glad father.
16	TH	A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.— <i>Prov. 10, 1.</i>
17	F	O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!
18	S	Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!— <i>2 Sam. 18, 33.</i>
19	S	The idle soul shall suffer hunger.— <i>Prov. 19, 15.</i>
20	M	The iniquity of Sodom, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness.— <i>Ezek. 16, 49.</i>
21	TU	Work, saith the Lord.— <i>Hag. 2, 5.</i> When the late Lord Blachford was retiring, with a peerage, from an Under-Secretaryship of State in 1871, he wrote to his sister: "In eleven hours I shall be entitled to retire on a pension. And when I feel that to-morrow I shall wake to a holiday, the thought suggests itself, 'And what shall I do with it?'"
22	W	Are there not twelve hours in the day?— <i>John 11, 9.</i>
23	TH	Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden.
24	F	Take My yoke upon you:
25	S	And ye shall find rest unto your souls.— <i>Matt. 11, 29.</i>
26	S	She hath done what she could.— <i>Mark 14, 18.</i>
27	M	Lord, Thy pound hath gained ten pounds.— <i>Luke 19, 16.</i>
28	TU	Thy pound hath gained five pounds.— <i>Luke 19, 18.</i>
29	W	Well done.— <i>Matt. 25, 21.</i> "There should be rewards for those who exactly hit the mark, and also for those who ingeniously miss it."— <i>Thomas Fuller.</i>
30	TH	Thou didst well in that it was in thine heart.— <i>2 Chron. 6, 8.</i>

October, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 10.



Picture of a Woman who says she would go to the Prayer Meeting if "it weren't for the Damp, which is so bad for Rheumatism."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 100.)

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ABRAM entered into a new covenant with God, had his name changed to ABRAHAM, and received the promise of the birth of Isaac. "And being not weak in faith, he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform."—*Romans 4, 19.*

99 MRS. ESTHER EDWARDS died in 1770. Her father, Mr. Solomon Stoddard, was a minister for fifty-six years, and her husband one for sixty-three. She was a woman of queenly presence and saintly character. She had eleven children, and whilst she had not too many daughters—for there were only ten of them—she had too few sons, but he was worth many, for he was the famous Jonathan Edwards, one of the deepest thinkers and godliest men that America has produced. He had a son also named Jonathan, and it is somewhat singular that on the first Sabbaths of the years in which they died they both preached from the text, "This year thou shalt die."—*Jer. 28, 16.*

99 TITIAN died at Venice, 27th August, 1576. So much was he had in honour, that of the 50,000 persons who died of the plague at that time he alone was buried solemnly and by daylight. Men who are able to judge consider him the greatest colourist amongst all the great painters of modern times. It was his brush that Charles V., Emperor of Germany, the greatest European potentate of that time, stooped down to lift up when it had fallen, saying, "A Titian is worthy to be served by a Cæsar."

Titian's skill as a painter had a curious influence on the history of England. A portrait which he made of Philip II. of Spain so pleased Queen Mary of England—"Bloody Mary"—that she accepted the offer of marriage which Philip made her. Philip was the hateful man who afterwards so shamefully persecuted the Protestants of the Netherlands, and fitted out the Armada against our own country. Titian himself was not a very heroic character. The famous Tintoretto was one of his pupils for a short time, and, it is said, was dismissed owing to the jealousy of his master, who, after seeing some of his sketches, was afraid of the lad's future greatness. In old age, as often happens, Titian became fond of money, and there are letters of his, written shortly before his death, complaining of the largeness of the sums that were owing him. But his great skill remained with him almost to the last. One of the pictures painted by him in his old age has these words written on it—*Titianus fecit fecit*, Titian did it, did it. It is said that, owing to a defect either in his sight or in his training, he had to use a plumb-line when he painted, as the lines which he meant to be straight were all inclined to the right.

Titian.

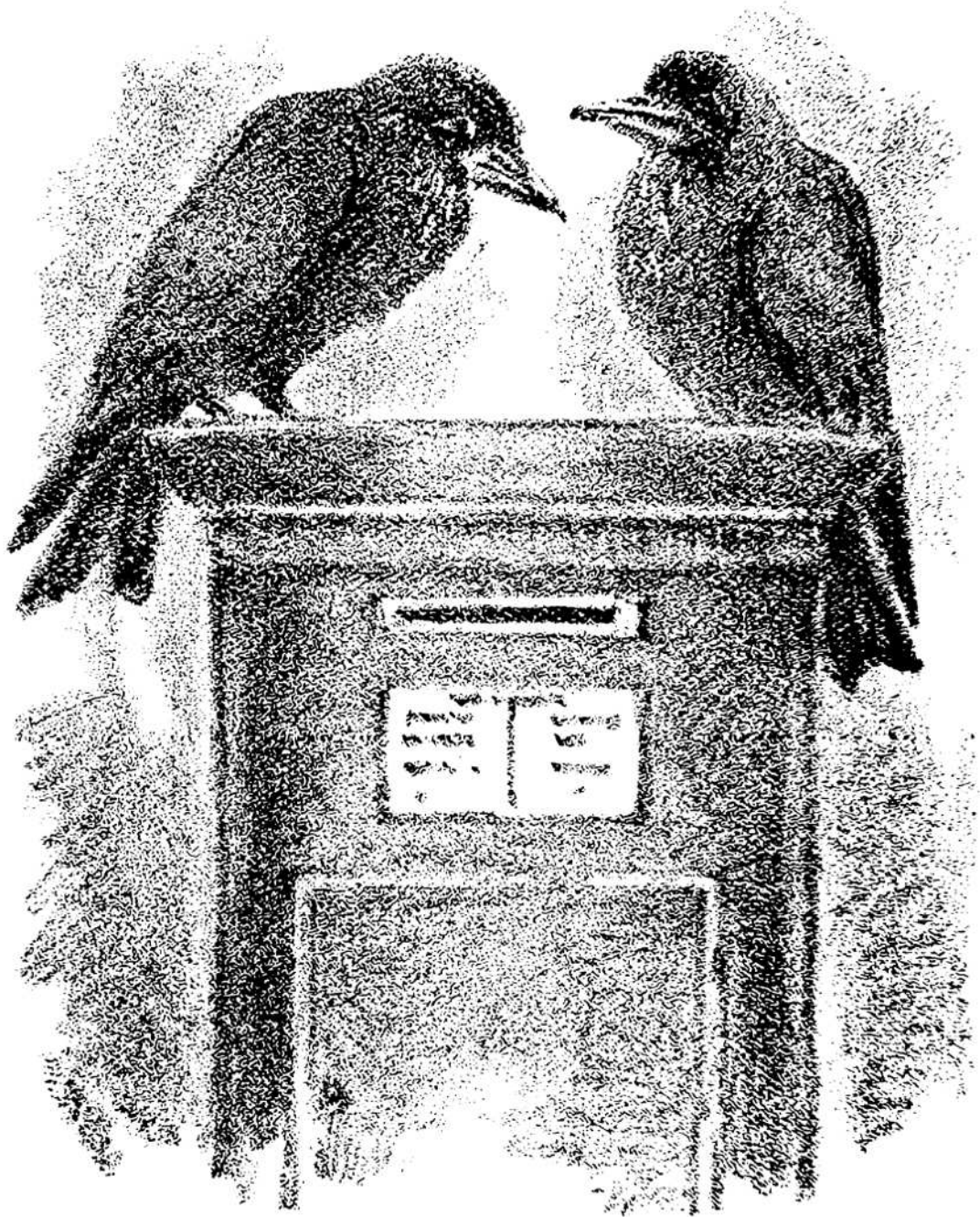


At the
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The oldest living French writer is said to be a certain MADAME DU BOS D'ELBHECQ. She is now ninety-nine years of age. The list of her published works would fill a column of a large newspaper. She wrote her first book when she was twenty, seventy-nine years ago. She has outlived her husband, her son, her grandchildren, and all the friends of her youth. She is still working as an authoress, her books being much read by peasants and country folks. One is sorry to hear that she regrets having lived so long, and that the one word which sums up her experience of old age is—*Solitude*.

The Stolen Letter.

Some years have passed since this Pillar Letter-Box was set up, but the crows in the rookery close by have never yet made out the meaning of it. Every year it gets a fresh coat of red paint, and the one-year-old crows ask the older ones for a week after to explain the meaning of the thing to them, but no proper explanation is forthcoming. At all hours of the day they see people dropping little white parcels into it, and six times a day, for six days in the week, they see men, who are always dressed alike, coming to the box and opening it and taking all the little parcels away. For a long time the crows thought the men were thieves, and they pitied the poor people who were trying to fill the box and never managed to do so. But at last they noticed that people themselves sometimes handed the little



parcels to the thieves and allowed them to put them in the bags at once; so that that could not be the explanation.

Then the crows thought it was a kind of game such as they saw men and women playing all day on the hill—what we call golf—or like the simpler game which they saw men and lads who were on strike playing for several months every year on the

shore—the game that books call *marbles*. But this explanation would hardly do either, for anybody could put the little white things into the slit the very first time he tried.

So the crows gave up guessing. Only they thought the whole performance very silly. All the more so that six times a day they saw the same oddly dressed men going with differently shaped bags, and handing the very same little white parcels to the very same people who had put them into the boxes an hour or two before. In the crows' debating societies, when they discussed every year whether human beings had reason or not, the letter-box business was always brought forward as a conclusive proof that men did not even seem to have instinct, much less reason.

There was one crow, however, who was determined to sift the matter to the bottom. He resolved to get hold of one of the parcels and examine it. His wife, when she heard of this, begged him not to do it, and kept begging so earnestly that at last he struck her, and pecked out so many of her feathers that she could only go out for her errands very early or very late when no other crows were about, and for a whole season she had to decline all invitations to picnics, or rather to "pick-bones," as the crows called afternoon tea.

But a wilful man will have his way, and the crow had his. One day he and his wife saw a man put a letter—only they didn't know it was a letter—into the box. He was in a hurry and the letter stuck in

the slit. A moment or two afterwards the crow seized it, and flying off to a quiet corner behind a wall, laid it on the ground, put one foot on it to hold it tight, and then tore it open with his bill. There was nothing in it, however, but a lot of scribbles and a piece of white heather!

"I don't know what you did last week when you opened that parcel," his wife said, "but I am sure you did wrong. The man who put it into the box is not the same as he was. He looks sad, and he hasn't whistled any for three days, and he was always whistling before. You had no business to open that parcel. It wasn't yours." Whereupon her husband gave her another drubbing, which was all the severer because he knew she was in the right.

One wrong step makes the second wrong step easier, and this crow began to go from bad to worse. He attended the debating societies more diligently than ever, and was made either secretary or treasurer or vice-president, I can't remember which. The fonder he became of talking—and he was really good at it—he became the less fond of working. His poor wife had a hard winter of it. When spring-time came and the nest had to be built, she had to find and carry the sticks. Once or twice she recognised in the nest bits that she had seen other crows carrying home, and a great fear fell on her. "I think," she said to him one day, "that instead of debating whether men have reason or only instinct, you should put in your syllabus, as you call it, a question as to whether

crows have consciences or not. My people were maybe poor builders—I have heard that often enough from you—but at least they found their own sticks. There was never one of my family a thief.”

* * * * *

About one hour afterwards a young man who was passing—curiously enough the man whose letter had so mysteriously disappeared—saw a strange sight in the field close by. The crows were all gathered together, and had ranged themselves in a circle. Right in the centre was another crow, all alone,

who was being tried for murdering his wife, with the alternative charge of stealing sticks. After a good deal of talk, all of course in the crow language, there was dead silence for a few minutes; and then one bird gave a peculiarly solemn croak, and immediately the guilty one was surrounded and pecked to death and torn in pieces.

“That’s the strangest thing I’ve known,” said the young man to himself, “since that letter of mine disappeared. I wonder what these crows killed that one for!”

A Day's Work in an Ungodly Household.

(A Bible Class Exercise: No. 2.)

THEY ALL SLEEP IN.	How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?	Prov. 6, 9.
	When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?	
	Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. . . Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.	Prov. 23, 21.
BREAKFAST, IF ANY, LATE.	For lack of wood the fire goeth out.	Prov. 26, 20, R.V.
	. . . The axe was borrowed. . .	2 Kings 6, 5.
Friend, lend me three loaves.	The wicked borrows, but the same	Luke 11, 5.
	Again he doth not pay.	Ps. 37, 21.
	And yet the appetite is not filled.	Eccl. 6, 7.
NO FAMILY WORSHIP.	The wicked, through his pride of face,	Ps. 10, 4.
	On God he doth not call;	
	And in the counsels of his heart	
	The Lord is not at all.	
THE CHILDREN, DIRTY, AND BAD-HEARTED.	Their visage is blacker than a coal.	Lam. 4, 8.
	. . . As is the mother, so is the	Ezek. 16, 44.
	daughter. Thou art thy mother's	
	daughter, and thou art the sister of thy sisters. . . They	Jer. 7, 26.
	did worse than their fathers. . . There came forth little	2 Kings 2, 23.
	children, and mocked Elisha, and said unto him, Go up,	
	thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. . . He that	Deut. 27, 18.
	maketh the blind to wander out of the way. . . And the	Lev. 24, 11.
	woman's son blasphemed the name of the Lord, and cursed.	

FATHER IDLE. RAILS AGAINST EVERYBODY.	They are corrupt, their talk of wrong Both lewd and lofty is. They set their mouth against the heavens In their blasphemous talk ; And their reproaching tongue throughout The earth at large doth walk.	Ps. 73, 8.
MOTHER NEVER IN HER OWN HOUSE.	Her feet abide not in her house : now is she without, now in the streets. . . Idle, wandering about from house to house ; and not only idle, but a tattler also, and a busybody. . . . A talebearer. . . Revealeth secrets.	Prov. 7, 11. 1 Tim. 5, 13. Lev. 19, 16. Prov. 11, 13.
SHE GOES A-SHOPPING.	A great waster. . . In debt. . . A woman without discretion. . . It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer ; but when she is gone her way, then she boasteth. . . Come again, and to- morrow I will give thee.	Prov. 18, 9. 1 Sam. 22, 2. Prov. 11, 22. Prov. 20, 14. Prov. 3, 28.
DINNER, SO-CALLED.	Tarried longer than the set time appointed. . . Ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter. . . The children say to their mother, Where is corn ? . . They greedily did meat require. . . And on God do not call. . . Broth of abominable things is in their vessels.	2 Sam. 20, 5. Matt. 23, 25. Lam. 2, 12. Ps. 78, 18. Ps. 53, 4. Is. 65, 4.
AFTERNOON.	The foolish woman plucketh her house down with her hands. . . All tables are full of filthiness, so that there is no place clean. . . Moth and rust doth corrupt. . . There came a grievous swarm of flies into the house. . . She loseth a piece of silver. . . In my house is neither bread nor clothing. . . She looked out at a window.	Prov. 14, 1. Is. 28, 8. Matt. 6, 19. Ex. 8, 24. Luke 15, 8. Is. 3, 7. 2 Kings 9, 30.
FATHER WON'T GO TO LOOK FOR WORK.	A slothful man. . . Why stand ye here all the day idle ? . . The slug- gard will not plough by reason of the cold. . . There is a lion in the way ; a lion is in the streets ; I shall be slain.	Prov. 19, 24. Matt. 20, 6. Prov. 20, 4. Prov. 22, 13. Prov. 26, 13.
EVENING.	And there was evening, and there was morning, one day. . . He eateth in darkness. . . Give us of your oil ; for our lamps are going out.	Gen. 1, 5. R.V Eccl. 5, 17. Matt. 25, 8. R.V.
NO PEACE IN THE HOUSE.	I hear that there be divisions among you ; and I partly believe it. . .	1 Cor. 11, 18.

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city ;
and their contentions are like the bars of a castle. . . . It
is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious
and an angry woman.

Prov. 18, 19.

Prov. 21, 19.

THE CHILDREN GO
OUT TO PLAY.

At evening they go to and fro ;
They make great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
About the city round.

Ps. 59, 6.

THE CHILDREN COME IN FROM THE STREETS,
FATHER FROM THE PUBUHOUSE. Boasters, disobedient to parents,
without natural affection. . . . Who hath wounds without
cause? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the wine. . . . The silver about
which thou cursedst, and spakest also in mine ears, behold, I
took it.

2 Tim 3, 2.

Prov. 23, 29.

Judges 17, 2.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.

Ps. 14, 1.

BEDTIME.

He mischief, lying on his bed,
Most cunningly doth plot :
He sets himself in ways not good,
Ill he abhorreth not.

Ps. 36, 4.

WHAT THE NEIGHBOURS SAY. The righteous shall see, and fear:
Lo, this is the man that made
not God his strength, but strengthened himself in his
wickedness.

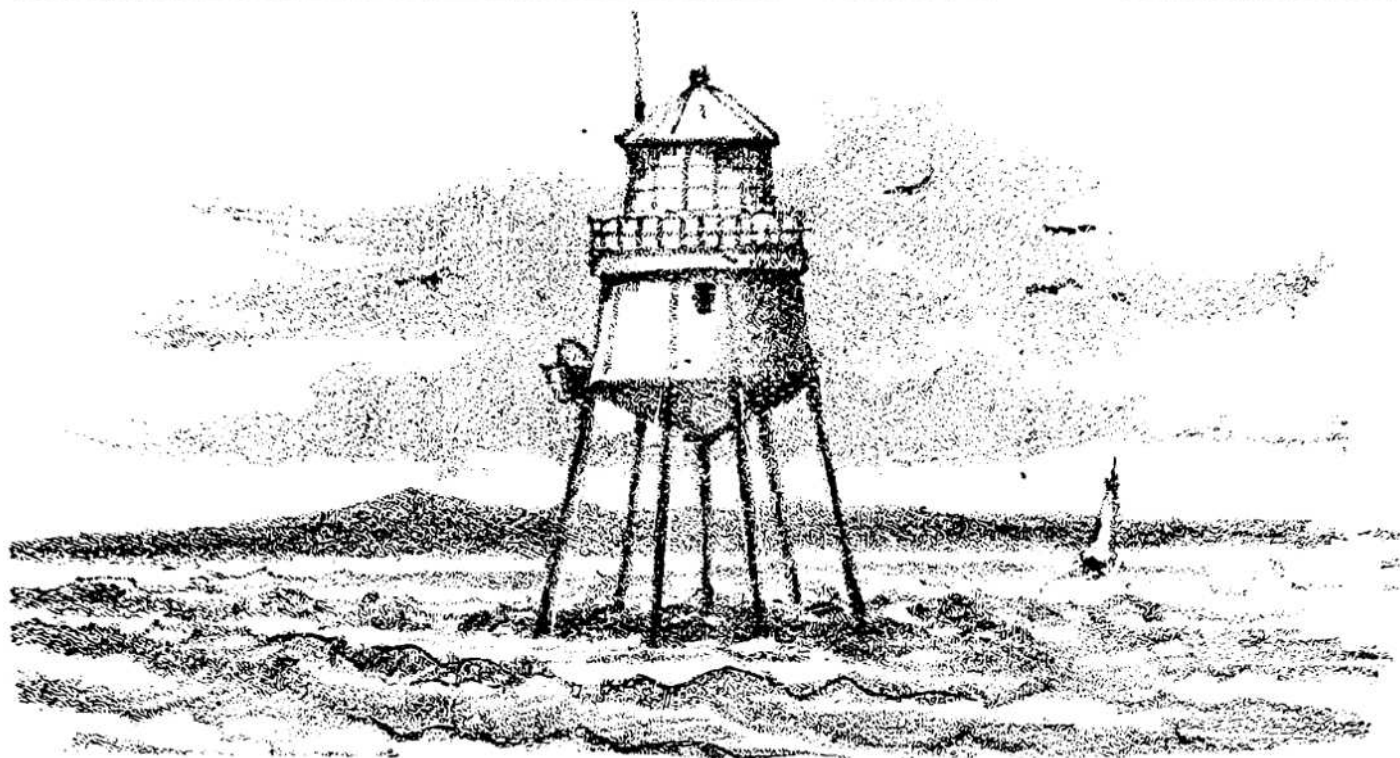
Ps. 52, 6.

WHAT GOD SAYS. Because their sin is very grievous, I will go
down now, and see whether they have done
altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto Me;
and if not, I will know. . . . Come now, and let us reason
together : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as
white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall
be as wool. . . . If thou shalt hearken unto the voice of
the Lord thy God, all these blessings shall come on thee, and
overtake thee. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed
shalt thou be in the field. Blessed shall be thy basket and
thy store. Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and
blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out. The Lord shall
bless all the work of thine hand : and thou shalt lend, and
thou shalt not borrow. And the Lord shall make thee the
head, and not the tail ; and thou shalt be above only, and
thou shalt not be beneath.

Gen. 18, 21.

Is. 1, 18.

Deut. 28, 1-68



The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

No. 10.

YOU remember my telling you about the number of caps that sailors lose at sea? I was reminded of that by a curious thing I read the other day. When they were building the Forth Bridge a few years ago, rowing boats, manned by expert watermen, were kept moving about to pick up any men or material that might fall or be blown off the girders into the water. Eight lives were saved that way, and no less than 8,000 caps and other articles of clothing! Ay, there's more of everything in the sea than in all the shops and warehouses on land, and more treasure than in all the banks, and what a multitude of the dead!

It is that that makes a sailor's life such a solemn thing. An office-

boy is a proud lad the first time he is entrusted with a hundred-pound note. But what is that to the property that a captain has charge of, and what is all the money in the world compared with the value of a man's life? Wasn't it Caesar who said to a boatman once, "Remember, you carry Caesar and his fortunes"? And the thought of what any man may be to the world, and of what every man must be to himself and in the eyes of God, is enough at times to make the stoutest-hearted captain that ever lived afraid.

Yes, I have had charge of many a famous man and woman in my day in ships that I have piloted, and so has every pilot had.

The late Sir William Mackinnon, head of the British India Company's Fleet, generally took a trip of a few days, when a new ship was ready for sea, to test its engines and see that everything was in working

order. I was generally engaged on these occasions, and many a large party and many a noble ship I have taken through the North and West Highlands, a duty that requires both skill and care, and, I think I might add, courage. Handling ships of 6,000 or 8,000 tons is not easily performed in those narrow, confined channels. An invitation to take part in such a trip is a thing that the highest in the land might well jump at. I remember once getting instructions from Sir William to proceed on board the new ship "Pundura," then lying at the Tail-of-the-Bank ready for sea, and pilot her to East Tarbert, where I was to take him and his party on board, and then proceed to Inveraray for the Duke of Argyll and his son and the Princess Louise. They were to get a sail as far as Campbeltown and back. On receiving these instructions I exclaimed, Is it possible that I am to be entrusted with Royalty? I felt almost as proud as when I first steered a large sailing ship with studding-sails on both sides.

Arriving in due course at Inveraray we took the Princess on board, her husband being the boatman who rowed her out, and her only other fellow-passenger being a fine Newfoundland dog, whose one care seemed to be the safety of his mistress. The rest of her party came out in a larger boat. Then we set off down Loch Fyne, past Otter, Skipness, Carradale, Davaar, and then round Sanda Island, Ailsa Craig, and back, reaching Inveraray about 7 p.m. That was

October 24, nine years ago. Everybody in such circumstances is glad to get on to the bridge beside the captain and pilot for a while, and I had good company that day, for I have ever found the highest to be the kindest and the humblest. When we got back to Tarbert the night was pitchy dark, with a strong breeze from the east, and we had some difficulty in landing the rest of our party. We had a good many ladies on board and a lot of luggage, and that needed three boats, each with eight men and an officer in charge. The davits from which the boats had to be lowered would be thirty feet above the water. Meantime our ship was drifting inshore, for, you see, being light she was high out of the water, and so exposed a large surface to the wind. Then I was afraid to move the engines, for there was a risk of the propeller's movement drawing the boats towards it, and the further risk of their getting a blow from its huge blades, which at every revolution would be at least a foot and half out of the water. As I watched the Coolies rowing to the gangway, I thought of the patience of Job, and wondered if his would have been greater than mine at such a moment. I was really getting anxious. How I did wish I had had a few sturdy broad-chested fishermen to man the boats. Every minute seemed an hour. But all ended well, however; the boats were filled and sent off, and as soon as they were clear of the ship a few turns of the engines soon set the ship's head off shore. Then we on

board led the tackle from the davits to the steam winch, and when the boats returned we got them quickly hoisted in. Which being done, "Carry on for London,"

was the captain's next order. "All right," I said, "no short time for me." So off we set, and when I arrived in London I had had a seventy-two hours' spell on duty.

Three Good Friends.



1	F	Jesus was subject unto His parents.— <i>Luke 2, 51.</i>
2	S	Jacob obeyed his father and his mother.— <i>Gen. 28, 7.</i> (He was then 77 years old.) "Let the very look of your parents be a law to you, and give your sister's wish the preference to your own."— <i>Brian Hodgson, Resident at the Court of Nepal, writing to his sister at home, 1 December, 1825.</i>
3	S	I will say to the reapers, Gather the wheat into my barn.— <i>Matt. 13, 30.</i>
4	M	Joy in harvest.— <i>Isaiah 9, 3.</i>
5	TU	Sleeping in harvest.— <i>Prov. 10, 5.</i>
6	W	Begging in harvest.— <i>Prov. 20, 4.</i>
7	TH	The harvest is over-ripe.— <i>Rev. 14, 15, R. V.</i>
8	F	The harvest is past.— <i>Jer. 8, 20.</i> Farewell, I watch with bursting sigh My late condemned occasion die. I linger useless in my tent : Farewell, fair day, so foully spent.— <i>R. L. Stevenson.</i>
9	S	All these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.— <i>Matt. 24, 6.</i>
10	S	Be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace.— <i>2 Peter, 3, 14.</i>
11	M	The soul of the diligent shall be made fat.— <i>Prov. 13, 4.</i>
12	TU	Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks.— <i>Prov. 27, 23.</i>
13	W	The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom ;
14	TH	It grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.— <i>Prov. 26, 15.</i>
15	F	The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold.— <i>Prov. 20, 4.</i>
16	S	Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.— <i>Prov. 23, 13.</i> "Oil of whip is the proper plaster for the cramp of laziness."— <i>Thomas Fuller.</i>
17	S	My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill :
18	M	And He fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof.
19	TU	He looked that it should bring forth grapes,
20	W	And it brought forth wild grapes.— <i>Isaiah 5, 1-7.</i>
21	TH	I went by the vineyard of the man void of understanding ;
22	F	And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns.— <i>Prov. 24, 30.</i> "A man puts down his hand to pull up a weed. Behind that is a second ; behind the second is a third ; behind the third there is a fourth ; and beyond that, a thousand and four."— <i>Emerson.</i>
23	S	Go, work to-day in My vineyard.— <i>Matt. 21, 28.</i>
24	S	Every beast is mine.— <i>Psalms 50, 10.</i>
25	M	On the seventh day thou shalt rest, that thine ass may rest.— <i>Ex. 23, 12.</i>
26	TU	Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's ass.— <i>Ex. 20, 17.</i> The poor ass's name was written by the finger of God on the Two Tables.
27	W	If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee, lying under his burden, thou shalt surely help with him.— <i>Ex. 23, 5.</i>
28	TH	The ass saw the angel.— <i>Num. 22, 23.</i>
29	F	He found the ass and the lion standing : the lion had not torn the ass.— <i>1 Kings 13, 28.</i>
30	S	What do ye, loosing the colt ? The Lord hath need of him.— <i>Mark 11, 3.</i>
31	S	Fear not, daughter of Zion : thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.— <i>John 12, 15.</i>

December, 1897.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. X.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 12.



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*And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.—
Last verse of the Old Testament.*

♫ O be truly happy every boy at least should go barefoot in summer. It is a different matter, perhaps, with girls, unless they have the green grass or the yellow sand to run about on.

But to be barefooted in winter!

Yet, but for their bare feet, there is nothing at first sight to make these poor girls on the previous page look so miserable and unhappy as they do. What child's face does not brighten when snow begins to fall? He may go about singing—

“Snow, Snow, flee away,
O'er the hills and far away!”

But that is the last thing he would like the snow to do. It is so beautiful, so soft, so slow and yet so quick in its movement, and so silent in its fall. And then God has so made it that we can turn it into balls, and while every other kind of blow is given and taken in anger, and leaves a black mark or a stain, a fight with snowballs, when done in His fear, is a time of laughter and a sign of love.

And what more delightful than a brazier and a fire in it in the open air! It is home out of doors. A fire to begin with. And what child ever tires of gazing and

“Laughing at the fuffing lowe,”

and wondering where the tongues of flame go to when they disappear? And here is a fire with seats right round it, and every seat the cosiest, room for everybody, and everybody happy.

But to have the snow falling and the fire blazing at the same time is to have an overflowing cup. It is a union of the seasons, summer and winter; heat and cold; the bane and the antidote; the hearth and the playground, met in full glory; it is an epitome of all the joys of life, the very quintessence of delight!

Why then do these two girls look so unhappy? It is the old old story of “The Drunkard's Raggit Weans.” Their father has two-and-thirty shillings a week, of which they get two, and sometimes less than two; and the publican—who has a town house and a country house, whose children are clothed in scarlet and whose daughters ride on bicycles—gets never less than sixteen. Their father is in the publican's this very moment while they are standing there, half-frozen and half-roasted. He has been there three hours, he and some of his comrades, and they have been discussing all that time the greed of churches which are continually asking for collections, and the tyranny of masters, and the rights of the working-man.





"Lo! Children are God's Heritage."

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 123.)

The
age of
100

WE have now come in this series of articles to the age of 100. It used to be thought that centenarians were tolerably common. But in 1862 Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a well known figure in the political world in his time, started the theory that there were no such persons, that not one single alleged instance was capable of proof. It was a subject to which he had paid great attention. It was said of him, indeed, that when he was canvassing for a seat in Parliament, he would say, "I'm sorry you do not see your way to vote for me, but perhaps you would oblige me by telling me if you know of anybody in this neighbourhood, or anywhere else, who is 100 years old."

Old people forget their ages, and by the nature of things—for registration long ago was carelessly attended to—the only persons who could prove or disprove their assertions are all gone. Besides, we all love the marvellous. Yet, if there are not as many centenarians as people were wont to imagine, there have been, and still are, some. But they are very, very few in number. There have been 388 in Great Britain and Ireland during the last ten years, an average each year of about 15 men and 24 women. What proportion that is to the population it is not possible to say, for the first census in Britain was only taken in 1801; and we should need to know not only how many persons were born in the British Isles during the years 1786-1796, but how many persons settled in our country who were born abroad during the same time.

At the
age of

100

At present I do not wish to give any modern instance. I shall only refer to one who lived long ago, who saw six centuries, and outlived more generations of men than any other man in history :

SHEM, the son of Noah, had a son born to him named Arphaxad. It was two years after the flood, and Arphaxad shares with Cain the strange distinction of having been for a time the only baby in the whole world.

I do not know of any life so appallingly lonesome as Shem's must have been. He seems, from the 11th chapter of Genesis, to have seen about nine generations of his descendants, one after the other, die before him ! I have heard of an old man, who said in a moment of despondency that he had lived so long that he thought God and death had forgotten he was still in existence. We may be sure that, lonely though he was, Shem never said anything like that. For he seems to have been one of the best men who ever lived, a man so near to God that God was not ashamed to be called his God — "the Lord God of Shem." He was the great connecting link between Adam and the children of Abraham, for Shem was Methuselah's contemporary for about ninety-nine years, and Methuselah had known Adam for 243 years, and was perhaps present at his dying bed. It is not likely that any of the Psalms that we sing were in existence when Shem lived, at least in the form in which we have them. Doubtless he had Psalms of his own, as every saint has, and one can imagine him singing words not unlike those in our seventy-first Psalm :

For even from my youth, O God,
By Thee I have been taught ;
And hitherto I have declared
The wonders Thou hast wrought.





A Flower in the Window.

"Co-o-e-e! Wait on Me."

WE have a street in our town, about a mile-and-a-half long.

The houses in it stand for the most part in their own grounds, and the numbers, therefore, mount very slowly.

A man met me one day who said, "Would you please tell me if No. 160 is much farther on? I seem to have been walking for ten minutes

already, and the last house I passed is only No. 23."

"You have almost a mile to go yet," I said.

"Well, in that case," was his answer, "I'm not going. A mile's not good enough. I haven't time for that. I'll go back to the station. Many thanks!" And so he turned round and went off laughing.

If grown up people, who are supposed to have many things to

occupy their minds with, find such a street wearisome, no wonder if message-boys and girls are eager for company when they go that way. It must be very provoking, when one has returned to town, to be ordered back almost to the same door that one was at an hour ago, and all for the sake of a little parcel, probably not paid for, which any man or woman could easily have carried in his hand without much loss of dignity. Two miles is a big distance to a little creature that suffers from growing pains. Can we blame them if they sometimes wait for half-an-hour on a comrade whose company they will have for only ten minutes?

This is the kind of conversation one sometimes hears.

"Did you meet so-and-so?"

"Ay."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Ay."

"What did he say to you?"

"He asked me to go with him to 156."

"And did you?"

"Where would I have been now if I had gone to 156?"—this last being said with a touch of scorn, and also of horror at the thought.

One night lately I heard a message-girl behind me crying, "Co-o-e-e!" sending out her voice into the dark ahead of her in the hope of discovering a fellow pilgrim. And from before me I heard an answering cry, "Co-o-e-e! Wait for me!" And so on, cry answering cry, the girl in front always adding, "Wait for me!"

Presently I made up on her, and then noticed that the tricky creature,

after returning the other girl's call and saying, "Wait for me!" always turned round again, and walked on ahead as hard as she could!

And I thought that what she was doing in jest is what we often accuse God of doing in cruel earnest. We cry to Him in distress, and He answers, "Wait on Me!" and all the time He seems to be hastening away from us, leaving us in our loneliness and misery. He may sometimes do that to try us for a little, but He will never go out of hearing, and when patience has had her perfect work, He will come running back to us, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills, mighty to save.

A HUSBAND and wife, who were emigrating, noticed on their trunk, or chest, as they sat on the quay, the number 1100, which had been chalked on it in the Left Luggage Office. As he looked at it, the man, who was losing heart, began to read a meaning, full of omens, into the numbers.

The Emigrants' Trunk.

THE HUSBAND SPEAKS :

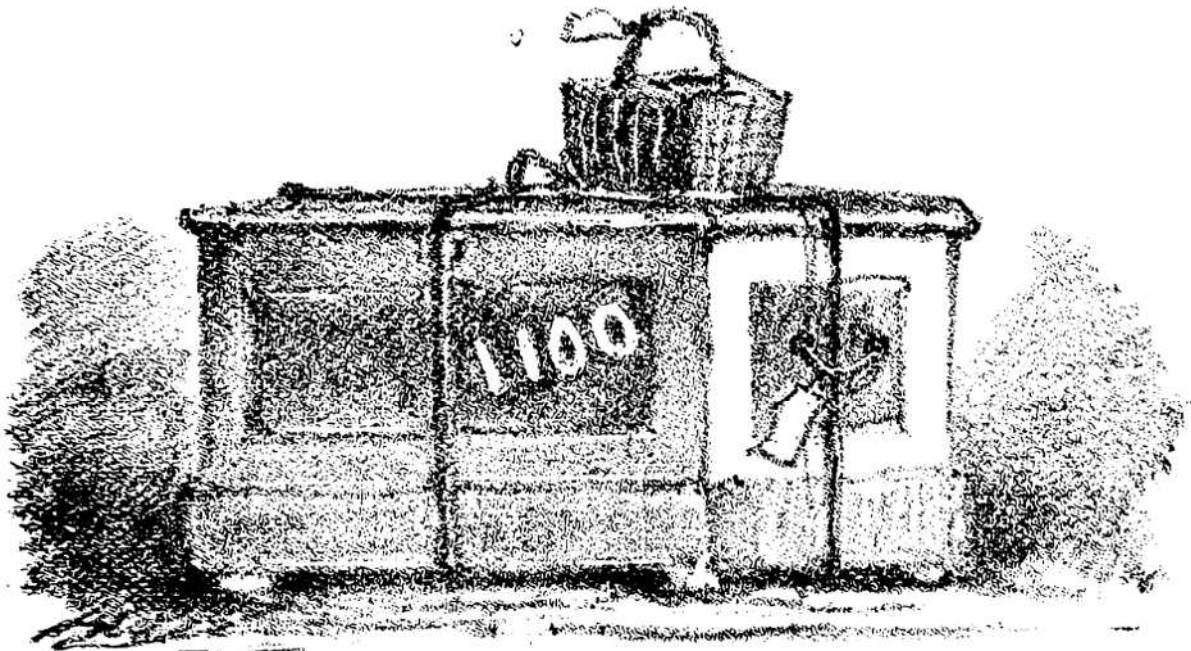
We two are one, we both are nought,
And that's our lot !

Things, one by one, to ruin brought !
Ended in nought !

Homeless and heartless, we have got
No resting spot.

All's lost : we've knocked ; we've asked ;
we've sought ;
And God hears not.

Before us, nought ! Beyond that—what ?
Nothing but nought !



THE WIFE MAKES ANSWER :

Yet One remains ! We know not what
Lies in His thought,

But of His promises one jot
Bate He will not.

'Tis one, one's self, gives power to what
Is simply nought.

Our fears have, one by one, been brought
To end in nought.

A thousand demons malice-fraught
Cannot do ought.

Angels, time past, for us have fought ;
Fight ! and faint not !

Before us lies we *do* know what—
Love changing not,

And, changing all, love turns our nought
Into God's aught.

And every 1 before a 0
Counts 10, I wot ;

And ten times ten that double 0
Adds to our lot.

God's One, we're one, all else is nought
But Love past thought ;
And *that's* our lot !

The Reminiscences of an Old
Sailor.

SECOND SERIES.

*No. 12.—A Trip to France.**Holystoning the Decks.*

IN 1864 the Messrs. Scott & Co., Greenock, built three fine paddle steamers, of about 4,000 tons each, for the French Transatlantic Company, Havre. The contract was a very binding one. The ships were each to undergo a thirty-six hours' trial without stopping, twelve hours slow, twelve half-speed, and twelve full speed. I was appointed pilot for their trials, and also for their delivery in Havre. We never thought of short hour movements in those days. "Do your work and do it well, and let it speak for itself," was our motto. Messrs. Scott & Co. engined as well as built the ships, and undertook to supply the fire-

men, relieving me of that task, but I had to choose the rest of the crew. I appointed Frank Kennedy boatswain, and John Macmillan boatswain's mate, one in each watch to look after the men; also a lamp-trimmer, carpenter, cook, etc. I took neither master nor mate with me, for I was a young pilot then, and I wished to disappoint my brother pilots! Both the men I have named were quite competent to take the ship to Havre if anything had happened to me. Yet I know it was a wrong and risky thing for me to do, for it meant that I had to remain on deck all the time, myself, thirty-six hours. A man can never be too careful who has property and human life under his charge.

The *Washington* was the first ship ready. We got her trials over most creditably to all concerned and started for Havre. The Board of Trade had, of course, nothing to do with these ships, and we were left pretty much to our own devices. But we took every precaution. The boatswain had to see that all the lamps were trimmed, the side-lights and mast-head lamp ready for lighting, logs and leads ready for use, anchors well secured, and a boat on each quarter swung out with oars, rowlocks, and a lamp lighted, the painter, that is the rope at its bow for fastening it to anything, led forward, and a breaker of fresh water in each, everything ready for immediate use, for at sea the worst may happen without a moment's notice, and it doesn't do to wait till things are actually needed before getting them ready. There was a

look-out man, too, to report everything he saw, and to see that the lights at the sides and at the mast-head were all burning properly. The lamptrimmer had to stop on deck all night, sleeping in all day; and the carpenter had to examine the steering-gear and the collision bulkheads every four hours. The men, of course, were divided into two watches; there was an extra look-out man on the bridge from dark to daylight; and the watch on deck when other work was done were to holystone the decks, for cleanliness is next to godliness; and there was to be no time left for growling, and we would let those Frenchmen see that we knew how to keep a ship clean, and would deliver up the *Washington* in as beautiful condition as if she were a yacht. On the passage round we found our compasses correct, and so we reached the headlands all right, and in forty hours we had arrived and docked, all well.

In Havre along the Quays there are little grog shops where sailors can get "blue ruin" called brandy, made of vitriol and other horrid stuff, for two sous, that is, two ha'pennies, a glass. In a short time, I am sorry to say, we found the most of our men the worse of drink, and had to employ the police to get them on board the steamer that ran between Havre and London, a trader called the *John Bull*. O I wonder when we shall get the British sailor and every British man and woman to keep sober and live like the sons and daughters of God!

When I came back to Havre with

the second vessel, the *Lafayette*, though I brought other men with me, I arranged with the captain of the police not to allow any of the crew on shore, and we would get the little *John Bull* alongside and drive them on board like sheep, after they were paid off. In France, you know, the police, or gens d'armes, are just a kind of soldiers. Now, the men were not aware of the arrangements I had made, and when the ship came alongside the quay, some of them jumped ashore and made a rush for the grog shops. But to their utter astonishment they were met by a dozen of police with fixed bayonets, who brought their muskets to the charge, and with a yell made a rush at them and chased them on board again. When the men got there they cried out, "If we had you in Cartsdyke you wouldn't do that." So we kept them this time perfectly sober, not one of them getting ashore till they got safe to London. There are not many pilots or shipmasters who do not wish in their old age, as the other world gets nearer, that they had done more than they did to keep sailors from destroying, one way and another, both body and soul.

The French Company, I am glad to say, were well pleased with me. I afterwards took seventeen or eighteen ships round to Havre, and brought back a number of paddle boats to be turned into screws.

On our way back the second time, I had orders from Mr. Scott to take the five or six spare apprentice engineers who were on board and show them as much of London as I

thought right, but not to spend too much money. I remember one of the lads—poor fellow, he is dead now—was sitting beside the driver on a 'bus, who was trying to take his fun off the young Scotchman. A donkey with a cart came in the way, and the driver had to pull up. "Take your little horse out of that," he shouted. "O do you hear him?" cried the lad. "Here's a donkey with ears as long as your leg, and he doesn't know the difference between it and a horse!"

You want to know what holystoning the deck means? Well, the object of it is to scour the deck and make it white and clean, just as a woman scrubs her kitchen floor and her chairs and tables. There are two ways the sailor does it. There is what is called the Bible stone, a big stone, 14 inches long, 5 broad, and 5 deep, mounted in an iron frame with a long handle, which the men shove before them up and down on the deck, along the reed of the wood, of course. The other way is to use smaller stones, which they call prayer-books. In doing this they have to use their hands, going down on their knees—a most uncomfortable position, especially when the ship is laying over or rolling much. In old times the captain used to get a cart of sandstone, generally the shivers left by masons in hewing. These could easily be got in Scottish ports, though not in London or Liverpool, where they use brick for building. When men begin to holystone, the first thing done is to wet the deck, then it is sprinkled over with the

ground or beat sand, and kept wet all the time. There is no work that the sailor dislikes so much. "But why is it called 'holy'-stoning?" For this reason. Long ago, bad and thoughtless captains, who seemed to think that too much work couldn't be got out of poor Jack, used to set the men to do the decks on the Sabbath mornings. Hence the old rhyme :

"Six days shalt thou labour,
And do all that thou art able ;
And on the seventh thou shalt holy-
stone the decks,
And scrape the cable."

The cable there means the iron cable that holds the anchor, and scraping it means hammering it to take the rust off.

Of course, a wise captain, much more one who fears God, will not ask his men to do any work on the Lord's day that can possibly be avoided.

Yes, the men hate that work, and I don't wonder at it. It is sore on the knees, for the sand gets in and chafes them. And it is ruin to the clothes. When a sailor wakens and puts his head out of the fore-castle to ask "What's up to-day?", if he is told the men are saying their prayers, he knows that that means holystoning, and so puts on the oldest rags he can get a hold of. Then they used to do this work far too often. They simply ruined their decks by it. Deck planks, when a ship is built, have to be four-and-a-half inches thick, and by continual holystoning, these would be worn done before a ship was ten years old. But they have got more

sense now-a-days. A friend told me lately that in a P. & O. steamer in which he sailed, the decks were not done above twice during the whole course of the voyage from Australia to London.

How long would it take to holy-stone the decks of a ship, say of 1500 tons? Well, supposing it needed it badly, with a watch of eight men working all day, from six in the morning till five at night, it would take at least three days. Every man has to work for four hours at a time, and he gets so many planks to do, so that, if the work is badly done, the blame falls on the right shoulders. I have known men do it so badly that the planks got splintered, and the carpenter had to go over them with his plane. The Americans used to be worse than we were for whitening their decks. I have known them coating them with lime, after they were holystoned, though I have known British captains washing them even with lime-juice. The ship might go without a single coat of paint for eight or twelve months, but the decks had to be white, and though they leaked, and the water spoiled the cargo and flooded the poor sailors' bunks, they wouldn't put pitch into the seams, for that would have messed the decks. No wonder the sailors sometimes threw the holystones overboard! "Where are the holystones, lads?" "The sea washed them overboard, Sir, and we couldn't go after them!"

Now-a-days the decks of sailing ships, after being thoroughly cleaned, are oiled, and that keeps them in

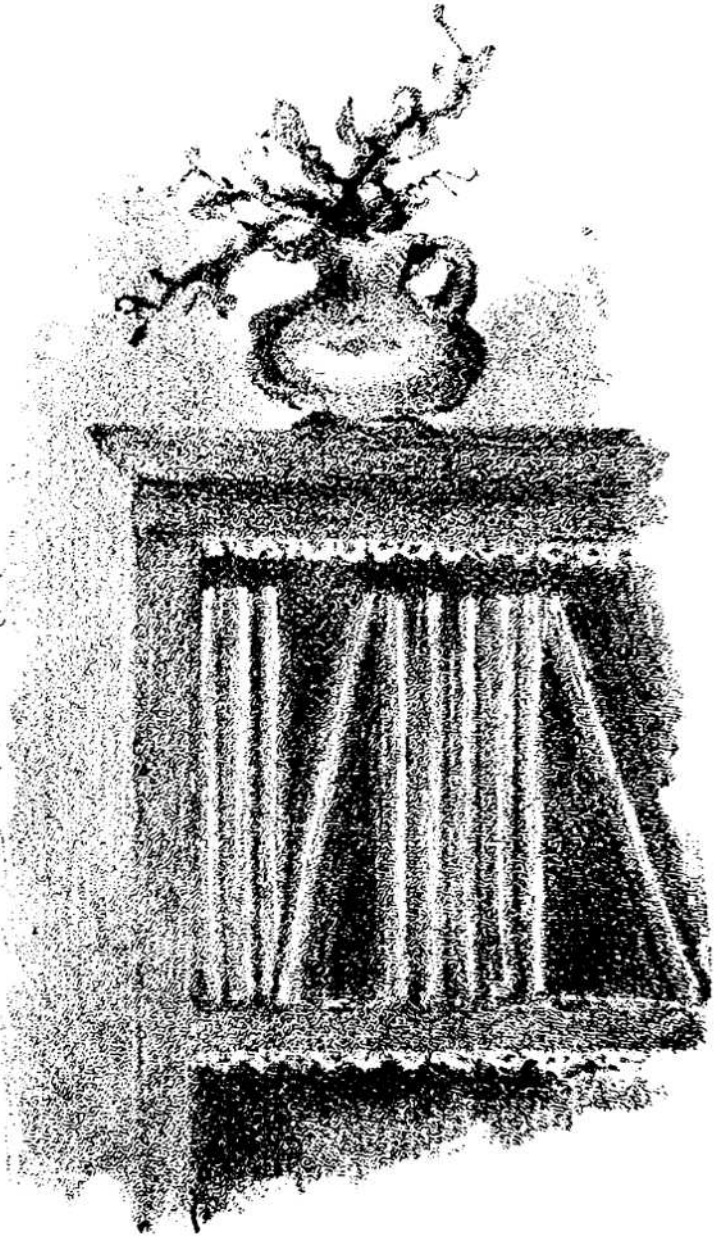
good condition for six months, if well done.

I remember a captain telling me once about a Skye steward whom he engaged. It was part of his agreement, of course, that he should keep the captain's cabin in good order. After everything had been settled, the captain noticed that the man, as he passed through the saloon, lifted a corner of the carpet when he thought no one saw him, to see if the floor was one that had to be holystoned! Poor fellow—and a well-doing man he was, never sitting down to a meal without asking a blessing, and the men could hear him praying at night—his health broke down. The captain thought he looked ill, but he never complained, doing his work faithfully till three or four days before the ship got back on the return voyage to Queenstown, when he said he was not able to scrub the floor, as his leg was troubling him. An apprentice could easily have been got sooner to do all that was needed if he had only told. The poor man went home to Skye, and then came south to the Infirmary, got his leg amputated, and died two days afterwards.

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He made also ten lavers to wash in them; such things as belonged to the burnt offering they washed in them.—2 Chron. 4, 6 (R.V.)

IN closing the Tenth Volume of *The Morning Watch* I would like to thank all, young and old, known to me or unknown, or forgotten by me, who have helped



it and me by kindly thought, or word, or deed.

There is much sin and much folly in these volumes, there has been much of both in the writing of them, but such as they are I would bring them, like the ten lepers, to our Lord; and may it be said of them, "Were not the ten cleansed?"

And to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, and, I trust, our God, shall be all the glory.

- 1 W Jesus was transfigured.—*Matt. 17, 2.*
 2 TH Enoch was translated.—*Heb. 11, 5.*
 3 F Be ye transformed.—*Rom. 12, 2.*
 4 S Ye must be born again.—*John 3, 7.*
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- 5 S Baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—*Matt. 28, 19 (R. V.)*
 6 M Children of God.—*Rom. 8, 16.*
 7 Tu His.—*2 Tim. 2, 19.* There was once a gentleman, says Philip Henry, who was wont to repel temptation with this word, "I am baptized."
 8 W How can I do this great wickedness?—*Gen. 39, 9.*
 9 TH Bought with a price.—*1 Cor. 7, 23.*
 10 F Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ.—*1 Pet. 1, 19.*
 11 S Get thee behind Me, Satan.—*Mark 8, 33.*
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- 12 S God giveth, and upbraideth not.—*James 1, 5.*
 13 M Thou openest Thine hand.—*Ps. 104, 28.*
 14 Tu God gave His only begotten Son.—*John 3, 16.*
 15 W The people willingly offered themselves.—*Judges 5, 2.*
 16 TH She hath done what she could.—*Mark 14, 8.* When the Patriotic Fund for the Crimean soldiers was raised in 1855, the reformed criminals in a London Institution, having no other way of giving, ate nothing from a Sabbath evening till the Tuesday morning, and so saved over £3 for the Fund!
 17 F He made the laver of the mirrors of the serving women which served at the door of the tent of meeting.—*Ex. 38, 8 (R. V.)*
 18 S If the leper that is cleansed be poor, he shall offer such as he can get, even such as he can get.—*Lev. 14, 21-32.*
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- 19 S Christ died for the ungodly.—*Rom. 5, 6.*
 20 M Life, death, things present, things to come; all are yours.—*1 Cor. 3, 22.*
 21 Tu Death is swallowed up in victory.—*1 Cor. 15, 54.*
 22 W Our Lord hath abolished death.—*2 Tim. 1, 10.*
 23 TH For me to die is gain.—*Phil. 1, 21.* "Sept. 4, 1881.—A little boy, who had attended our mission school, died after a short illness. What he said no one understood, but his mother assured me 'he smiled twice.' This seems but a sunbeam to build on, yet I have never seen a Mohammedan or a heathen smiling when about to die; the death smile seems exclusively Christian."—*Charlotte Maria Tucker's Diary.*
 24 F They looked unto Him, and were lightened;
 25 S And their faces were not ashamed.—*Ps. 34, 5.*
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- 26 S Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.
 27 M I cried unto Him with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue.
 28 Tu If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me:
 29 W But verily God hath heard me;
 30 TH He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
 31 F "'Let the last word you say in the house be a prayer of thankfulness,' Margaret whispered to Gavin when they were taking a final glance at the old home." *Mr. Barrie's "The Little Minister."* BLESSED BE GOD, WHICH HATH NOT TURNED AWAY MY PRAYER, NOR HIS MERCY FROM ME.—*Ps. 66, 16-20.*